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Poetry.

"THE IRISH WIFE."

The recent touching and enviable death of the wife of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who is said to have died without a pang while upon her knees in the act of devotion, gives a new and pathetic interest to these fine tributary lines from her husband's pen, and justifies their restoration to current print after an interval in which they have been more frequently quoted than read.—*New York World.*

I would not give my Irish wife,
For all the dames of the Saxon land,
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life,
An outlaw—so I'm near her,
To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh, what would be this home of mine,
A ruined, hermit haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold,
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I know the laws forbade the bans,
I know my king abhorred her race;
Who never bent before their clans
Must bow before their ladies' grace!
Take all my forfeited domain,
I can not wage with kinsmen strife;
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear, blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night,
And, twin-like, truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white,
My Irish wife has golden hair,
Apollo's harp had once such strings,
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land,
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life;
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

Selected Story.

Getting Into Society.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

CONCLUDED.

"Never mind, child. You'd ought to see something of the world, and this seems to be a good time. So now brighten up."

And Kate, being full of the strong spirits of youth and health, did brighten up, and met her aunt and uncle with her usual light-heartedness.

Mrs. Green immediately instituted an examination into the state of Katie's wardrobe, and that young lady's cheeks flushed not a little as her aunt lightly tossed aside the neat prints and pretty muslins which were thought so nice in Quercetown.

"There is nothing here suitable for Saratoga, my dear," said Mrs. Greene. "We must run down to New York to-morrow and get you an outfit."

The next three days Katie was in a state of utter bewilderment. Silks, laces and jewels flashed before her, walking and sleeping, and the celerity with which these elegant fabrics assumed wearable shapes astonished her. It was an illustration of something before unknown to her, the power and resources of wealth.

Presently they went back to Saratoga with as many trunks, and as well supplied, as any belle in that great Vanity Fair. It was dull at first to Katie. She was tired of walking, tired of standing, tired of sitting still when other people danced. But by-and-by all that was changed. Mr. Arthur Persimmon begged an introduction to Miss Staples.

Mrs. Green's heart fluttered under her silk boddice. She had not been at Saratoga three weeks and not learned who was who. Mr. Persimmon belonged to one of the oldest families in the metropolis. Mr. Persimmon was a great catch, said society.

As for Mr. Persimmon himself, all that was said of his adventitious aids had need to be true; he had such an old face that one fancied the antiquity of the family had all got into his blood; he had a sandy mustache and pale, weak blue eyes. In conversation Mr. Persimmon was decidedly not brilliant. His usual topic was himself, and not being a very profound one, it will easily be seen that the stream of his eloquence easily ran dry. He had two pet tastes, in the gratification of which he spared neither time nor money, not that time was of any value to him, since he always had more than he knew what to do with. One of these tastes was for "pevetty girlth," and the other for "fath hortheth."

Accordingly Mr. Persimmon had the handsomest stables in Manhattan, and accordingly he flew like the bee from one flower to another, never staying long enough to care to pluck it for himself. And this was why, at the mature age of twenty-nine, and with all his susceptibility, Arthur Persimmon was still a bachelor.

"It would be a great catch, Katie my dear, a splendid catch," said Mrs. Greene. "Mrs. Boodles assures me that half the girls among the elite have set their caps for him in vain."

Mrs. Boodles was a widow, neither rich nor poor, a sort of superfluous *attache* of society who was invited when there was room for her, or when she could be useful. She had a fund of gossip, knew everybody, and was not ill-natured, and people like Mrs. Greene were her legitimate prey. She was quite ready to impart all she knew, and to play into her hands for the favor of an occasional drive, or, still more acceptable, a little dinner in Mrs Green's private room.

Mrs. Greene's heart swelled high with hope. If Katie could captivate the Persimmon, what a foothold it would give herself. She might hope any thing from that connection.

So Katie walked, and drove, and sailed with Mr. Persimmon, taking Mrs. Greene along for chaperone. One day they went to Crystal Lake, and here Mr. Persimmons proposed a sail.

"Are you sure you can manage the boat?" said Mrs. Greene.

Sure? How Mr. Persimmons praised himself. Mrs. Greene was more than convinced, and she not only gave Katie permission, but urged her to go out on the water.

The day was still and shady, the water deliciously smooth. Katie sat very quiet thinking. It was curious that whenever she looked down into the water, she saw not only her own face, but another, a handsome, manly one that somehow was present to her thoughts a good deal. She had hoped, half believed, that Guy would write to her, and her heart was a little sore.

"Mith Katie," said Mr. Persimmon, "have you seen my new hortle?"

Katie roused up.

"No, I haven't. Is he a fine one?"

Mr. Persimmon—flattered by her interest:

"A perfect beauty, Mith Katie."

"I should like to see him. I love horses," said Katie abstractedly.

Mr. Persimmon was thrilled. Wasn't that just the same as saying that she loved him?

"Mith Katie—" he began.

"Mr Persimmon," interrupted Katie, "what makes the water look so crinkled?"

Her question was never answered, for in a breath, a flaw of wind caught the tiny sail, and the boat was overturned.

Katie shrieked. I must say that Mr. Persimmon's heart contracted with terror. But what would you have? He would have saved Katie if he could. But he could only swim enough to help himself ashore, and with her he would infallibly have gone under. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. In the exigency, Mr. Persimmon behaved nobly. He sacrificed his feelings, and obeyed that law.

Poor Katie, went down, down, and would infallibly have soon slept that sleep that knows no waking, but for a strong hand that suddenly seized her, a strong arm that held her, and clove the water toward the shore.

It was all over in five minutes, but during that time Mrs. Green, who saw the whole, had accused herself of Katie's murder, and condemned and executed herself, several times. And so she was in no state to do more than gasp out her joy at Katie's rescue.

It was a minute and a half before she looked up in the face of the gentleman who had so gallantly gone to the aid of the submerged party. Then she started back aghast.

"Why, Mr. Conway! is it you who are the preserver of my dear Katie?" she exclaimed, melodramatically.

Guy Conway muttered something not quite distinct. At present, he was more interested in seeing whether Katie would revive, than in receiving the thanks of her relatives.

Katie did revive, opened those soft blue eyes of hers, comprehended the situation and said faintly:

"Was Mr. Persimmon saved!"

"I am here, Miss Katie," said the gentleman, effusively. "I wish I could have had the pleasure of saving you, I do, indeed," he exclaimed, so much in earnest that for once he was natural.

A vivid flush burned on Katie's cheek, just now so white. She was thinking that it was very sweet to owe her life to Guy Conway.

But how came he there?

Guy answered the question in the light tone which he never used to Katie when they were alone together.

"I found the country very stupid after you left, Katie; quite too stupid to endure."

Mr. Arthur Persimmon scowled, and his pale blue eyes were fairly angry. Who was this fellow that so coolly appropriated Miss Staples, and called her Katie? The blood of the Persimmons was up. Mr. Arthur hereafter treated Mr. Conway in the most supercilious fashion possible. Mr. Conway only smiled. Mr. Persimmon devoted himself to Katie with the most unmistakeable *empressement*. Mr. Conway quietly ignored him and his arrangements, and took Katie to long walks and drives, from which she returned looking fresh and happy.

Whether this rivalry was just what Mr. Persimmon needed, I cannot say, but certainly he never seemed so much in earnest before.

Mrs. Greene interfered. If Mr. Conway would only marry Katie, it would do, she reasoned. But that was doubtful, and it was not worth while to run the risk of losing such a catch as Mr. Persimmon, for so uncertain a prospect.

"You mustn't be foolish, Katie. Guy has only liking for you as a little girl whom he has always known. The Conways would be furious if he were to marry a plain farmer's daughter. And Mr. Persimmon is such a great catch, Katie dear."

Katie reflected. Guy had given her tender looks, sweet tones, lingering hand clasps, but beyond that nothing. Was he playing with her heart?

Katie burst into tears.

"I wish you would take me away from Saratoga," she said, sobbing.

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Greene. "We'll go back to New York. You haven't seen our house yet, Katie."

Mr. Guy Conway looked in vain for Katie and her friends the next day. By-and-by he condescended to inquire for them, and the answer gave him much more displeasure than he had any right to feel.

"Gone without bidding me good-by," he said, with darkened face. "Poor little Katie. Will those vulgar people sell her to that idiot, I wonder. Pshaw! Girls are not sold now-a-days. I suppose Katie isn't above marrying for a fortune more than other girls. I wonder whether it is me or my money that Agatha Howard adores?"

So Guy went back to Agatha, but being in a singularly wretched mood managed to quarrel with her, and at last to break with her openly. When winter set in, he drifted towards New York. Once there, he couldn't help turning his steps toward Madison Square. He was curious to see Katie in her new position. So one day he sent up his card, which was read by Mrs. Green alone for Katie was out.

That little lady was not so much flattered by the honor as she would have been. She was beginning to look down from imaginary attitudes upon the Conways. Had not the Van Schermerhorns bowed to her in the street, and had not Arthur's aunt, Mrs. Waldron Persimmon called?

So she kept Guy waiting fifteen minutes before she condescended to come down. Then she was so very patronizing that Guy smiled, though inwardly nettled.

"It's good of you to come Guy. 'Tis so pleasant to see one's old friends. Pleasant as new ones may be, they are not precisely like people whom we've known all our lives. I'm so glad I happened to be in. Katie's out a great deal. You are such an old friend, Guy, I may tell you she is as good as engaged to Arthur Persimmon."

Guy ground his teeth—figuratively speaking—and said to himself:

"How these women learn insolence." But aloud: Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Greene. Persimmon is a—fool, *sotto voce*—good fellow."

"O, splendid! and his family are so delightful. Mrs. Waldron Persimmon particularly—eccentric, but so pleasant. By the by, you must meet them here, and a few other friends. It will be a very small party, quite informal. I'll let you know what day."

Guy bowed, said he would be very happy, and presently took his leave.

Directly he was gone, Mrs. Greene became the prey of remorse. She had committed herself to a dinner party. It was wholly impromptu, done because she wanted to impress Guy with her position in society. Why, she hardly knew enough people to fill her table. But Clarinda was a woman of resources and courage. She put a bold front upon the matter, and told Kate as soon as she came home.

"Why, Auntie, whom can you invite?" said Katie, who for some reason seemed singularly discomposed.

"O, there are people enough," said Mrs. Greene, concealing her trepidation. There are the Schermerhorns who will be glad to come."

"Auntie, you hardly know them to speak to."

"Nonsense Katie. You aren't obliged to be intimate with people to invite them to dinner. And there is Mrs. Persimmon, and those nice girls—Arthur's cousins."

"They are not civil to me," said Katie, reddening with the remembrance of slights received.

"And Arthur himself and Guy Conway for gentlemen. We shall make a very nice party, Katie."

Katie sighed and turned away.

And now began Mrs. Greene's martyrdom. She and Katie had everything to see to. Murray could give orders, said his wife, but as for planning anything he wasn't up to it. So Katie wrote notes and studied arrangements, and Mrs. Greene lay awake nights and considered her dinner. It was a great relief when she decided to order it from a caterer, and content herself with saying "everything out of season."

"The people are *au fait* in such things, and it will be sure to be right," she said to Katie. She was at liberty then to linger over details. "It is so fortunate that we can spell the name with an e," she said, complacently examining the cards of invitation. "And so fortunate that Murray's name is Murray. If it had been Jonathan now, or Peter, it would have killed me."

The looked for, dreaded night came at last.

Guy Conway turned over his note of invitation and finally lighted his cigar with it. He wouldn't go, not he. He wouldn't put himself in the way of Mrs. Greene's impertinence again. Nevertheless, he was at six o'clock on his way to Madison Square, where he rang loudly.

"I guess that is Mr. Persimmon," said Mrs. Greene, hurrying from the window because she would not be supposed to be looking out for company. "He is so impatient to get into your presence, Katie dear."

Katie dear flushed just enough to make her beauty perfect. She had looked too much like a lily in her azure dress. She halt turned, raised her eyes absently, and then suddenly kindled.

"Guy!"

He saw at a glance that she had been unhappy, saw, too, that his coming had power to dispel the cloud, and his heart softened strangely. He scarcely minded what Mrs. Greene said.

"We are obliged to you for waving ceremony and coming early, Guy. Katie and I are always a little lonely at this hour."

A half hour passed, and then the bell rang again.

"The Schermerhorns," murmured Mrs. Greene, only restrained by Guy's presence from peeping at the window.

But no, it was only the postman to bring letters.

Another half hour, and Mrs. Green began to grow nervous. The ringing of the bell was such a relief. Very likely that was Mrs. Waldron Persimmon.

The waiting-man put his head in at the door.

"Girl come to see about a situation for seamstress ma'am."

"Tell her I am engaged," said Mrs. Greene, hardly keeping back the tears.

Another half hour of slow torture.

"Katie, what can be the reason our friends do not come?"

"I don't know, auntie," said Katie, turning quite pale.

A dead silence then reigned, which Guy endeavored to break. At last Mrs. Green started up.

"I see, Katie, how it is. You made a mistake. You said Thursday instead of Tuesday evening," she said tremulously.

"Auntie!"

"Don't mind owning it, my dear," said Mrs. Greene, with a sickly attempt at a smile. "I won't be angry. Indeed, it is just as well, for I think I'm feeling rather indisposed. If you will go down with your uncle and Mr. Guy, I'll lie down for a while. You may send Rose up with a cup of tea. It's so fortunate you made the mistake, Katie;" and so the poor little woman tottered off, a miserable smile on her ashy, haggard face.

Guy could not help admiring her pluck, and conceived from that time a certain respect for her.

Only a trio at dinner, but a very pleasant one. Mr. Greene accepted his wife's solution with the utmost simplicity, and after dinner returned to his newspaper and cigar.

Katie and Guy sat in the great drawing room pretending to try duets together, but I am free to confess that they talked much more than they sang.

"I should have thought Mr. Persimmon would have been 'faithful found among the faithless' for your sake, Katie, his betrothed wife," said Guy.

"I am not his betrothed wife," said Katie, kindling.

"No?"

"No, indeed! You ought to know it," with an indignant sob. "That silly—I heard you call him so once."

"But, Katie, I thought you found him charming," said Guy provokingly.

"No, sir, you didn't," said Katie, in hot haste. "You know I detested him, but you thought I was going to marry him because he was worth a million dollars. But I'm not. I wouldnt do it for a hundred million, and I told him so the other day. This treatment of poor auntie is all a mean revenge of his," said Katie, crying heartily.

"Hush Katie, and hear what I want to say. I'm not worth a half million nor a quarter, but I love you dearly. Will you marry me? My dear, I am terribly in earnest," meeting her incredulous looks.

What Katie answered transpired the next morning when she had a long interview with her aunt.

"I'm sorry, dear Aunt Clarinda, but I can't help it. I've loved Guy ever since I can remember, and Mr. Persimmon was hateful to me."

"He is hateful to me, too," said Mrs. Greene, with energy. Her eagerness to get into society was strangely gone from that day. She sat at home and sewed as contentedly as when she was a young wife, and did her own work.

"Clarinda," said her husband when spring came, "what if we should go back to Queertown. Nobody cares anything about us here—"

He stopped suddenly, for Clarinda was sobbing in his arms.

"Why, why little woman!"

"O take me back," she cried. "I've never had a happy day here."

Mr. and Mrs. Greene are very much respected in Queertown, and lead very happy and useful lives. Clarinda's experiment at getting into society taught her several lessons, for which she will always be the wiser. And, after all, it was something to have married her neice to a Conway.

Miscellany.

Flight of the Empress.

Interesting Account by Bishop McIlvaine.

From the Cleveland Herald.

On Friday evening, the students of the college invited the Faculty of Kenyon and Bexley and the citizens to meet Bishop McIlvaine at Philomathesian Hall. The Bishop gave us an account of Eugenie's escape from Paris, which as he had it from authentic sources, was of great interest, and contains, perhaps, facts never before made public.

It seems the safety of the Empress had been assured to her by General Trochu, who had solemnly promised to inform her of the approach of danger. For some unexplained reasons, he failed to do so; and when, on Sunday, the mob began to assemble about the Tuileries, three of her friends, Prince Metternich, the Spanish Ambassador, and M. Lesseps, formed a plan for her escape and went to her rescue. M. Lesseps stood outside and harangued the mob for the purpose of detaining them, while the two other gentlemen went in search of the Empress. They found her partaking of a very frugal lunch, with one of her ladies; and her fears could not be aroused. Seeing that it was impossible to persuade her, the two gentlemen used force to remove her. At this she consented to make a slight preparation, and without at all changing her dress (for the mob had already entered the place), catched up a small leathern reticule, she put into it two pocket handkerchiefs, and two books, the New Testament and a Prayer book. On her head she put a riding hat, and by that time, throughly aroused, she fled through the palace; through long corridors, down, up flights of stairs, through chambers and saloon, a long walk, before they came down to the Rue Rivoli, on which side of the palace the mob had not collected. Here a cab awaited her. She, with the lady in attendance, were put into it. "Now," said the friends we must leave you; too well known, our attendance would but bring destruction upon you; make good speed!" Yes, good speed, for she heard the cries of the furious mob, and as she was entering the cab, a little boy exclaimed, "There is the Empress," and she thought all was lost; but it proved that there was no one there to take notice and so the two ladies drove off. Soon they came into the midst of the excited crowd, and the lady accompanying her, questioned on this side and the other, the meaning of it all, and appeared to be greatly interested in the proceedings, while the Empress sank back out of sight in the carriage. They had a long ride out beyond the Champs Elysee to the quieter parts of the city, when they alighted, dismissed the cab, to avoid giving any clue in case of pursuit, and walked some distance. Where should she go? To whom flee? What friend trust? There was but one to whom she would venture and that one was an American gentleman of some note, who with his wife had long been a friend of both Emperor and Empress. So they took another cab for the house of this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. W——), arriving there to find him away from home, and his wife absent for the summer at a small sea port on the coast. The servant under these circumstances was extremely ungracious and quite refused to admit these strange ladies, and when at last, upon their insisting, they were admitted to the house, she was unwilling to show them to an apartment suitable for them, and it was not until with some difficulty that they were alowed to wait in the library for the owner's return. When at last he returned and entered the room, judge of his surprise at the sight of the Empress. "You must get me immediately out of France, this very night," exclaimed the Empress, the moment she saw him. Out of France, that very night? He told her it was impossible. He was expecting some friends to dinner, but would plead sudden business and excuse himself, make preparations, as quickly as possible, for her flight, but in the mean time, she must be quiet and rest. This, she was prevailed upon to do, and supplying herself from Mrs. W——'s wardrobe, retired for the night.

The dinner party, receiving the excuses of the host, and overcome with a sense of mystery, soon withdrew, in spite of the cordial message and wishes of the gentleman, that they would make themselves merry in his absence. At 4 o'clock in the morning a carriage stood at the door, into which Mr. W—— put the two ladies, and driving himself, set off on their way out of France, pursuing quiet streets, then unfrequented roads and lanes in the country, avoiding the more public highways of the kingdom; and so on, until the horses were worn out. They were near a little village, but then came the question how to get a carriage brought to them, and explain why they could not go to it. Mr. W—— went to the inn, and having found a private carriage, which was waiting over there, agreed with the servant to come out a mile or so, and carry his party—Mr. W——'s two sisters, one of which was very lame indeed, and could not walk a step—some miles on, till they should come to a railway. This done, and the lame lady with much difficulty put into the carriage by her "brother" and "sister," they proceeded for a distance until they came to a railway, where they left the carriage, to break up the clue, and rode a short distance in the rail car without attracting attention. Then they took another carriage, riding in roundabout ways, until at the end of two days they came to the little seaport where Mrs. W——was spending the summer.—How must Mr. W—— conduct the ladies into the presence of his wife without their being observed by everyone? After some reconnoitering, this was successfully accomplished, and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. W—— Eugene exclaimed, "You and your husband are the only friends left to me in the world." She, with the lady who accompanied her, remained in the room of Mrs. W——, lest some one should see and recognize her. No servant could be allowed to enter the room. Mrs. W—— brought food to the two ladies, and served the Empress in everything, who expostulated at the inconvenience she was causing her friend, and insisted upon waiting upon herself, her behavior being of such a sweet character as still more to endear her to her friends, who were risking nearly all they possessed in her cause.

The plan now was to get her across the Channel to the Isle of Wight, and thence to England. There were but two conveyances in the harbor—both private yachts—and only one able to go out to sea. The owner of that one flatly refused to take the two ladies over, but at last, after the identity of the two ladies had been made known, and much persuasion used, he consented, and Mr. W—— and the two ladies, with the reticule containing two pocket handkerchiefs, set out the day after their arrival at the little town on their voyage to England.

This is a journey usually made in a few hours, but a terrible storm arising, it was prolonged to twenty-seven. The same night, and in the same waters, the "Captain" went down. But, although the gentleman in command lost all control of himself and ship, they weathered the storm.

During this time Eugenie showed the most remarkable self-possession, evidently looking upon death as a relief from her woes. But this was not to be, and, after a passage fraught with the most imminent danger, she was landed on the Isle of Wight, to find on English ground that asylum which had been sought by so many fugitives before her. And to add to her relief, her son, of whose whereabouts she knew nothing, was found to be in Hastings, not far from her.

Such was the true story of Eugenie's escape from Paris and France. What a sad, sad tail of fallen greatness. How much she must have suffered in those few days; the fury of a Paris mob in her ears, the fear of pursuit at her back, how often did she start and give herself up for lost! What threatening meaning did many an accidental phrase assume! No wonder her courage sustained the fearful storm; the thunder and lightning, the waters, however, dark and cold and deep, would be far more merciful than that dreadful mob that called out her name, the mob that had shown no pity to the little child or tender woman, and derided, with the bitterest insults, the fond Marie Antoinette at the guillotine. Oh France! when we remember those days of terror, can we wonder at this retribution?

GAMBIER, Ohio, Feb. 4.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

Rencontre with a Leopard

In Du Chailla's new volume, "My Apingi Kingdom," we find the following forest picture representing a successful rencontre with a leopard:

That night we were to sleep in the forest, so before sunset we built a large camp for shelter. But there was no sleep for me; the leopards were too plentiful, and their dismal and ferocious howls, resounding not far from the camp, told me that we had better keep a brighter look-out. I forbade any one to move out of the fires during the night; but there was little need of the caution, as they knew very well that they would never come back to the camp. The next day I proposed a leopard hunt. The next morning when I got up and said we must fix the lair of the leopard, the people seemed to back down, but I was not willing to give up, as the leopards were not evidently far from us, and the lair must be near by. I wanted only four Apingis to go with me.

So I called four of the warriors. I gave two guns to them, and one perfered to go with his war spears.

After a while we came to the bank of a little stream, when I discovered the footprints of a huge leopard in the soft ground. What paws! It must be an old and ferocious animal. I have not the slightest doubt that the monster was an old fellow, and that it was the one that came so near our camp during the night, and nothing but the big fires we kept up had frightened him away and prevented him from pouncing upon us. Unless the leopard had caught something last night he must be fearfully hungry, and consequently, very fierce. I must look out, for in that case if I see him I will have but very little time to fire, for in a jiffy he will spring upon me, said I to myself.

So I carefully followed along the banks of the stream the footprints of a huge cat. If he sees me first he may pounce upon me, as a cat does upon a mouse.—I must be careful. The Apingi are watchful. They look all around; their ears ready to hear the least noise. All at once I hear a cluck from one of the men. I stop; he points out to me a spot ahead, just by the stream, where the underbush or jungle is very thick. Huge trees have fallen one upon another, and it is impossible to see through the mass. The leopard must be there. This dark place must be his abode for the day. There he hides himself and sleeps, and from there he starts upon his depredations, spreading fear and terror among the beasts and men. I stand ready to fire at a second's notice. I wish you could have seen me. I knew that it was a matter of life and death with me. I follow the track of the leopard for it had walked all along the little stream. The Apingi men are not mistaken. Suddenly the footprints leave the river, and the last I saw of them show the animal had retired into that thick, dark, almost impenetrable part of the jungle where the Apingi had told me that the leopard was concealed. This is dangerous game. I cannot see the enemy. It is dangerous to go in. I cannot back out; I dare not show the Apingi that I am afraid. But then, I do not wish to be killed by any infuriated leopard.

The best thing I can do is to use caution as I enter the thicket. The Apingi are almost afraid to go in. But we must do it. I lead. Oh! I wish I had some native dogs with me; they would bark and show us the lair of the leopard. After a while I succeeded in climbing to the top of a huge tree that had been blown down by a tornado. It is at least ten feet in diameter. When once lodged there I take a view of the surroundings. The Apingi are close at my back. They are evidently afraid, and, for myself I do not feel very comfortable, for you will agree with me that it is a difficult position to be in, not to see the exact location of such a dangerous enemy as the leopard, which at any moment might be down on my back, his claws fastened in my shoulders and his big teeth in my neck. Such thoughts were not very reassuring to a worn traveler.

I must confess that I was very much excited. I looked round and round. The slightest noise made by the wind through the trees would startle me. I thought the leopard was close at hand, and ready to spring upon me. I would have given a good deal to see him. Carefully I came down the trunk of the huge tree, and continued to press forward with my Apingi into the thickest part of this already thick jungle.

Suddenly the faces of my Apingi men become excited. They stop walking. The strong odor of the leopard is clearly perceptible; he is evidently not far from us. We are upon the leopard and he probably eyeing us and ready to make a spring. We must hurry to see him, for surely destruction is coming upon us unless we destroy the animal. I look ahead into a thick bush, where were a large number of broken branches. It seems almost dark, though it is not noon yet, and the sky is clear, and the sun shines resplendently. Everything around is in gloom. A cold shiver run through me. I must check it, for, if I do not, my arms will not be steady, and I shall miss the monster if I see him. The thought of home and friends rushed to my mind. The feeling of insecurity suddenly disappeared. I must conquer this big wild cat of the forest. If he is wary, I too must be wary.

Whew! hallo! I see the monster! He is lying on the dead branch of a tree. He leaps upon the ground and crouches upon it. His long tail wags to and fro, showing that he is enraged. His eyes glisten with a singular light; he is ready to spring. He springs, but, just as his body seems to rise from the ground, a tremendously and deadly steel-pointed bullet goes through his head, and three spears of the Apingi are plunged into his body. The monster rolls on the ground upon his back, utterine fearful yells of pain that fill the forest and drive every living animal from the neighborhood. By this time my breath is taken away. I am so excited that my heart beats with fearful quickness. I must be pale as death, for the excitement is great; for, one second more, and the monster would have made a deadly spring, which would have been destruction to me.

I was glad when the chase was over, and I concluded I would rather chase the leopard at night with a goat tied to a tree for a lure; but then I must not do as I did once before—fall asleep with the goat—as I have previously described to you, for perhaps, instead of taking the goat, it might take me.

When we got back to the camp there was an immense excitement. The Apingi said that they had killed the leopard also, for three of their spears had been in his body. It was a huge old fellow. I wish you could have seen his teeth and his large paws. What tremendous claws it had! With a blow of his paw the monster could have killed the strongest man.

I was greatly pleased to secure this animal, for its skin was superb, and I knew I would gladden the heart of some friend at home when I should present it to him.

A West Virginia Couple Elope, Repent, and go back Again.

About four years ago James Townsend, of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, eloped with his brother Ezekiel's wife. The disconsolate Ezekiel started in pursuit of the fugitives, but after an unsuccessful hunt of a week or two he returned home to lament, in the solitude of his widowed home, the inconstancy of fickle woman.

Years passed on, the living couple took "the even tenor of their way" across the mountains of West Virginia, and crossed over into Ohio, all the way on foot, where they tarried for a while, seeking that conjugal bliss always dreamed of but never possessed by truant lovers.

Finding that the course of true love does not always run smooth, they pulled up stakes, and, like the "star of empire," westward took their course. They crossed the "Father of waters," and still pushing on crossed the plains, and then to cool the ardor of their love, ascended the snow-capped summit of the Rocky Mountains. Descending from these heights, they tried living in the fertile valleys east of these mountains, and pitched their tents in the neighborhood of Omaha. But after awhile James became tired of the felicities of married life—the responsibilities attending them becoming irksome. The idea of having to support a wife—and she another man's wife, too—was too much for him. Remorse of conscience preyed upon his mind. He found too late that he had destroyed the happiness of a brother's household, only to bring additional care and grief to himself. Willing to make what amends he could, he resolved to return his stolen wife and restore her to the bosom of her liege lord, and his injured brother. So back he came bringing his fair charge along.

A few weeks ago, one morning as the sun was just beginning to cast its refulgent beams over and around the mountain cabin of the widowed Ezekiel, and he having cooked and eaten his breakfast alone, washing the dishes, he lifted up his eyes, and looking toward the door, beheld the former partner of his joys—his long lost wife. Either supposing it to be an apartion, or unwilling to have his affections blasted again, he fled through the door, leaving the inconstant wife to try life without a partner for a while. James left immediately after delivering his charge.

The Japanese Mission to the United States which arrived in San Francisco on the 17th, is composed as follows: His Imperial Highness Nusdimi Litsenomia, Prince of the Imperial family; His Excellency Mr. Mori, Charge d'Affairs to Washington; Mr. Tayamo, Secretary of Legation; Mr. Nana, Assistant Secretary of Legation; Mr. Yatata, Attache of Legation, and the attaches of the Prince. The Prince is an Uncle of the present Mikado. They are all very young and intelligent looking, between the ages of 12 and 27. This Minister is the first ever sent by the Japanese Government to reside in any foreign country. He serves as a member of the National Council of Yeddo, and is a strong leader of the party of progress which now controls the Government.

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening, after our rubber, I said to the General, "There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper." The General drew himself up and said, in his emphatic manner, "Sir, you are incapable of asking an improper question." I said, "You are very kind; but if my inquiry is indiscreet, I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered." "I hear you, sir," he replied. "Well, then, General, did any thing remarkably happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?" After a brief, but impressive silence, he said, "Yes, sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now, for the third time in my life, relate the story:

"The 4th of July, 1814, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched I observed a flag borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my marquee. He brought a letter from a lady, who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubt of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she enjoyed, adding that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at breakfast, which had been prepared with considerable attention and was quite ready.—Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids—Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to, was already seated by the coffee urn.—Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few moments retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast, Lieut. Watts rose from the table to get his bandana, (that being before the days of napkins) which he had left in his cap on a table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red-coats approaching it on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, 'General, we are betrayed!' Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, 'Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,' and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

"I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a great indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it I richly deserved to lose both my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amid the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until Generals Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so that when my brigade, with Towson's artillery were ordered to cross Street's Creek, my nerves and confidence had become measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the position, and that our arms were in no way discredited. The British army had fallen back, leaving their wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and to that the wounded officers in both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood. She had been attending to the British wounded. On the second floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess.

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question which I had been asking myself all day. She had intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture.

"Years afterwards, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstrued her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency, and it is so difficult to believe a lady of culture and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly half a century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt."

"And you, Sir," added the General, "this is the third time in my life I have told this story. I do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years." He looked at me, and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then said: "Remembering your intimacy with General Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of our secret."

"Well, General," I replied, "I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life."—*Theodore Wood, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

The French relief fund of New York now amounts to $90,000.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & CO., Proprietors.

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JUSTICE OF THE INCOME TAX.

It is to be regretted that the industrious farmers, manufacturers, and other over-taxed burden-bearers of the west have not discussed more generally and thoroughly the philosophy and bearings of the system of taxation being fastened upon the country. It is especially to be regretted that the fairness, and equity of taxing incomes, as a means of supporting the Government, has not been made more prominent. A correspondent puts the case in a style so direct and forcible that we take the liberty of making his views and illustrations of the justice and propriety of the income tax the basis of this article. Our friend states the argument, in substance, as follows:

A man has two sons. To one he gives a farm that cost $5,000, and to the other he gives a profession that cost an equal amount. With labor and attention the farm yields the first son five hundred dollars a year, and the profession yields the other an income of five thousand. The two sons enjoy the blessings of a good government alike. Now, why should the farmer's son be required to pay one hundred dollars a year towards the support of the government, while not one cent is required of the professional son? There is no good reason why such should be the case. According to the theory most generally accepted, everything of value should be taxed, and those best able should bear the heaviest burthens. It is just as easy to place a value on business or professional reputations for purposes of taxation, as on any other valuables. Of course, this transient character should be taken into consideration as well as the permanency of real estate. We hear just now a great deal of talk about "taxing *brains*," but, for our part, we see no greater impropriety in that than in taxing *muscle*. Nearly all the taxable property we have is the result of the action of brains and muscle. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has a profession that to him is worth more than all the farms in Lucas County, and yet he is not required to pay one cent of school, road, town, city, county, or State taxes. There are, however, tender hearted philanthropists who seem to believe that he and all of his class are the victims of a rapacious government simply because they are asked to pay a tax on the excess of their incomes over $2,000. During this winter we have seen Lucas County farmers selling their seed wheat, milch cows, and other articles that they could not well spare, and also discounting their next years' crop by borrowing money at 2 per cent. per month, that they might be enabled to pay their taxes. We have also noticed that many of these men, whose taxes run up into the hundreds of dollars, are obliged to exact, on the part of themselves and their families, a most rigid economy, while all over the country we can see professional men and speculators as well as gamblers, members of political cliques, and all that class of leeches and barnacles, rolling in luxury—dressed in fine linen every day—spending their thousands of dollars and yet paying scarcely a dollar of taxes. Our present income tax reaches these persons, but only to a very limited extent. Every one of our governmental organizations from a school district up, should have a tax based on incomes, and the exemption should not be too large. The law should have a skillfully drawn provision to catch land speculators. There are other cases that a tax based on incomes would reach. A single instance will enable the reader to judge of the whole. A wealthy New Yorker has over $300,000 on interest in the west at 10 per cent. and it is compounded every six months. He loans only to farmers, taking a deed and gives a conditional lease. When the New York assessor comes round he says he has been buying a great deal of land out west which he rents out, but that is all.

Were the actual workings of the income tax better understood the worked up storm against it would do but little harm. Every day that the subject is debated the so-called "odious" income tax gains in public approval. The movers for its repeal expected to take the people by storm. They have well nigh succeeded. But the time the people have had for consideration proves fatal to this movement, for the present, at least.

☞ Dispatches from Dakota Territory inform us that quite a number of Indians have formally renounced their tribal relations and claimed Homesteads under the acts of Congress. It is reported about 37 homesteads have been taken on the Big Sioux, north of Sioux Falls, and that over 200 persons belong to the families taking them. Since these Indians have left their tribes they have done well and although they have received no assistance whatever from the Government in any form since then, have proved self supporting, paying their debts more promptly than white settlers, and have proved peaceful and law abiding citizens sustaining churches and two or three schools. This is a step in advance of the reservation system and deserving encouragement from the Government. The wisest thing our Government could do would be to hold out liberal inducements to the Indians to settle on homesteads and utterly abandon the tribal state and government. The task of their civilization will then be more than half accomplished.

About seven years ago Count Mitkiwicz of St. Petersburg visited this country for the first time, and at a fashionable watering-place met Miss Caroline Lester of Amherst. Miss Lester is said to be the niece of an Amherst professor. After less than the usual acquaintance they became engaged, but the lady's guardian objected and they were separated. The Count returned to Russia, but afterward visited this country no less than seventeen times in search of his fiancee. Last week he found her and they have been married in the Russian chapel in New York city. There are some serious doubts as to how much account is the Count.

THE SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD BILL.

The indications are that the bill passed by the House to enable soldiers or sailors, or the wives and orphan children of soldiers and sailors, to acquire homesteads on the public lands, will be modified and passed by the Senate. The bill will be amended so as to exclude settlement on school lands, and the right to assign interests and make settlement by attorney will be stricken out. The bill will then retain the general provisions of the general homestead law, giving to soldiers and sailors, or their widows or orphans, the benefit of the time they have devoted to the public service, the same to count as actual settlement does in case of other settlers.

As the bill is now reported back to the Senate by Senator POMEROY it contravenes no essential feature of the Homestead law, and opens no new door for the increase of speculation in or monopoly of lands. The evil to be dreaded in canvassing the merits of a bill of this sort is that it will be killed with kindness, and loaded down with objectionable conditions. Much as we desire liberal legislation toward the defenders of our country, we do not wish to see either sympathy or justice towards them turned into a grist for the mills of land speculators. We think the simple provision that the time spent by the soldier in the army and navy by every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, shall be counted as so much on the actual settlement account to be entirely just and right;

The time is coming and ought to be at hand when Congress shall refuse to sell any lands to any except actual settlers and occupants. That nation is freest and happiest which has in it the greatest number of small landowners. The freedom of the black man in the South today, after all the grand bestowments of the emancipation proclamation and the Fifteenth Amendment, is little more than an empty name so long as the freedman and voter cannot buy and own his own homestead. The man who is compelled to ask another's "leave to toil," is not, except in a modified way, an independent freeman. As the borrower is servant to the lender, so the employe is servant to the employer. But the man who can dig his living out of the soil of which he holds the title-deed has more than the freedom of a king in his own castle.

The men who filled up the ranks of our army were men of adventurous spirit—just the men to endure hardness as good pioneers. Many of them have means to put their homesteads in good and comfortable condition at once. Some must wait for a season, until their labor shall make them what they desire them to be. But the soldiers' homestead law will give an impulse to the westward emigration among the very best class of workers.—They are men who have loyal hearts and republican convictions. We use the word "republican" in no partisan or narrow sense—we mean that they believe in the principles on which our institutions are founded, and who will ever be found ready to fight for them, when it shall be necessary. They will take with them the printing press, the school and church. They will carry with them the energy and intelligence, the thrift and stability which have made our civilization what it is. Among all the various elements of which our western communities are composed they will hold the controlling influence. This is a result which is ardently to be desired for the good of the great west, and the stability of our institutions.

Let the soldiers arrange so as to move in colonies, so as to afford the greater security, and to avoid the isolation and semi-barbarism which attend individual immigration. Neighborhoods and communities will thus be founded at once and the condition of all be improved from the very beginning. We anticipate great good from this most enlightened and just legislation which we have no doubt the present Congress will consummate.

THE APPORTIONMENT QUESTION.

The bill providing for the reapportionment of members of the House of Representatives under the census of 1870, still hangs fire in the House Judiciary Committee. It is hinted that the delicate political condition of some of the States which must be favored with an increase hinders the rendering of a decision by the Committee. The duty of Congress to provide for the representation in the Forty-Second and succeeding Congresses according to the population reported in the census is manifest and imperative. It is only a matter of figures, which have no right to be subjected to political manipulation. Let justice be done, let the advantage or disadvantage come where it may. If the Western States are ever entitled to increased representation, according to population, they are entitled to it in the incoming Congress. We hope, therefore, that Mr. LOUGHRIDGE'S bill will be perfected as speedily as possible and passed by both Houses without delay.

☞ The people of Canada are beginning to move earnestly in the matter of encouraging emigration. The province of Ontario has voted $30,000 to encourage immigration, and $20,000 to build houses and clear from three to five acres on a number of free grant lots. The proposition is intended more particularly to meet the wants of new settlers who have $200 or $300, and are willing to pay a moderate sum of cash down in order to obtain immediate shelter for their families, and secure a crop of potatoes and other vegetables as a supply for the first winter. This is quite an improvement on our free homestead policy, and one of the best things any government can do for its own benefit and the good of humanity.

A St. Louis woman complained to the police, on Monday last, that another woman had won away the love of her husband by the use of a certain love powder, and that, although she had tried the efficiency of the same powder, thereby involving to herself an expense of $5, she had been unable to win it back again.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A BUTCHER of East St. Louis had twenty-three sheep killed by prairie wolves near that city a few evenings since. St. Louis is moving for the removal of the National Capital to that city, and we hope that this event will not influence Congress unfavorably. The country about St. Louis is already in an advanced state of settlement and this raid of the wolves from the neighboring woods need give Congressmen no apprehensions for their personal safety. Such events occur only occasionally. There are some bear and an occasional catamount still killed in the suburbs, and droves of buffalo are rarely seen in the streets, but generally St. Louis is as secure as any frontier city.

OUR European dispatches contain a proclamation of the ex Emperor, LOUIS NAPOLEON, to the electors of France. He is displeased that the government of the Empire was deposed after Sedan and states that the people of France had three times "acclaimed" the Empire. It by "acclaimed" he means that the Imperialists voted to sustain him, while his opponents were intimidated and kept from a full expression, he is correct. The Empire was founded in blood and violence and maintained by force. The Emperor's notion of a free election, however, was no worse than GAMBETTA'S notion of a free Assembly, and it can only be ascertained by experiment whether the Empire or the Republic would be best for the liberties of the French. Our hopes and wishes are with the latter, but it is probable that France, in the hands of the Red or extreme Republicans, would be worse off than in the hands of the Imperialists. The latest despatches announce that the Conservatives will have a majority in the Assembly. This does not, of course, mean the Imperialists, and we have good ground to hope that the Empire will not be restored and that a parliamentary government will be organized.

THE imitativeness of the "Heathen Chinee" is in one respect unfortunate, for while it enables him to copy our virtues it also betrays him into our vices. Recently a Chinaman in San Francisco detected a man making love to his wife and, according to the American practice, shot the offender. He was of course arrested and lodged in jail. He has carried his imitations further, and has already set up the insanity plea. We would suggest to his counsel, (if a Chinaman in California is entitled to counsel,) that they set up the plea of "imitativeness," a thing somewhat "peculiar" to the Chinaman, and for all we know of Chinese nature, fully as irresistible as the "insanity" which seizes the American while he commits murder. A later despatch from California mentions another case of "imitativeness" in which some twenty Chinese cigar-makers evaded the revenue laws and eluded payment of the required tax. They were, of course, arrested and will be punished with a zeal worthy of a Democratic Court dealing with a negro. This "imitativeness" has even been carried to the commission of larceny, and we cannot see at this rate where it is to stop. As we have several times suggested, it will ultimately carry him into "striking" for higher wages and end in making him a Christian.

A COLUMBUS despatch says that the bill now before the House to license houses of ill-fame cannot pass. The Ministerial Association of Cincinnati sent a protest against its passage and we hope that similar remonstrances, if necessary, may be sent from other cities. A bill for the same purpose is now before the Illinois Legislature, with what prospect of passage we are not informed. We hope, however, that no legislature can any longer be found voting deliberately to encourage prostitution by giving it the sanction of law. The granting of a license renders that which is licensed respectable in some sense, or in other words, removes the odium which attaches to those things which are prohibited by law. The educational effect of law is very great and is one of the most important considerations which should influence the minds of legislators. If those who are laboring to remove prostitution are met at every point with the statement that it is licensed by law, they will have the authority of the State against them instead of with them as it should be. In the minds of that class which needs reaching and influencing, the moral will be arrayed against the civil law, and the conclusion will be certain that the "social evil" is merely a social and not a moral evil after all. The law may, in fact must, regulate evils, and may, therefore pass sanitary laws relating to prostitution, just as it may pass laws to check the spread of the cholera or the small pox, but it should no more license prostitution than it should license means for originating and propagating the diseases named. The State cannot license an evil without giving it *moral* as well as civil sanction.

A CABLE despatch announces that the Count de Paris will probably be made King of France. The Count is the grandson of LOUIS PHILLIPPE, and is the very person in whose favor the King abdicated in 1848, and who was prevented from ascending the throne by the revolution and NAPOLEON. LOUIS PHILLIPPE, or the Count de Paris, is the first son of the late Duke of Orleans, and was born in 1838, being therefore about 33 years old. His prospect of being chosen King is excellent, as he affords a compromise between the Bonapartists and the Republicans and a hope of liberal government, as he is a professed Liberal. He will, therefore, if selected, secure the throne as NAPOLEON did, by professing to be a Liberal. He may in turn be overthrown as his grandfather was, by becoming too Conservative.

The restoration of the Orleans dynasty, should it occur, would be another of those revenges of history which have been so conspicuous in France. LOUIS NAPOLEON'S rule was one of those revenges, he being the grandson of JOSEPHINE whom NAPOLEON divorced in order that he might have issue of his own to reign. But the Power which disposes of realms and rights human wrongs put JOSEPHINE'S descendant instead of BONAPARTE'S on the throne. It was thought at the breaking out of the present war that another revenge of history might occur in the elevation of the descendent of JEROME BONAPARTE and Miss PATTERSON to the crown, he being the legitimate Bonaparte heir. His elevation would have completed the revenges which history is supposed to be working against the First NAPOLEON, he being the descendent of the Miss PATTERSON whom BONAPARTE compelled his brother JEROME to put away in order that he might marry the Princess of Wurtemburg. But history seems to have some wrongs of the Orleanists to right and it would be one of its most striking revenges should the wish of LOUIS PHILLIPPE be respected in the selection of the grandson in whose favor he abdicated.

BRET HARTE has quit the Pacific side, and has come East. He was, at latest accounts, in Chicago, where negotiations were said to be going on with a publishing house which encouraged the press of that city to hope that he would locate there. The probability is that if he has come East to remain, he will post off to Boston, where he can have the advantage and stimulus of the society of the literary celebrities of that city. That he will suffer by this, however, in a literary way, we may justly apprehend. He struck in California a richer gold mine than any man who ever went to the Pacific coast, and there is danger that his fortune, in the literary sense, will begin to decline when he leaves it. A man of his genius may find a "Miggles," or a "Tennessee's Partner," or a "Luck of Roaring Camp" anywhere, but even DICKENS lost in power and inspiration when he got beyond his peculiar London vein.

BRET HARTE, as we have before suggested, is in the key-note of his works an American DICKENS. He has shown the goodness and the tenderness which exist under the roughness and profanity of the miners' lives, for which he has been taken to task by some of our leading religious papers. That BRET HARTE is faithful to Nature and fact, however, will not be questioned by any one who has ever had to deal with miners, or canal boatmen, or with any of the same class in large cities. The despatches announced a few days ago that the father of KIT BURNS, of RAT-PIT notoriety, had died in New York of a broken heart for the loss of his favorite boy. He literally grieved himself to death it is said. Who shall say how much of kindness and tenderness the old man had seen in his boy or how much of that love which procures large forgiveness and covers a multitude of sins there was in the favorite KIT? We need not deny the good in men in order to discourage the evil.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose communication we omit as the writer's name is not given, says: "In your Editorial Notes of Saturday you applaud the action of the Massachusetts Legislature in refusing to allow the opening of the public libraries on Sunday." We remember no sentence of the "Note" applauding the refusal of the House to pass the bill mentioned, though the evident leaning of our article is to the orthodox side of the Sunday question. The discussion of the question, however, is made to turn upon the right of legislative bodies to say what shall or shall not be done on Sunday. If it be conceded that the State has no legitimate power to legislate concerning the Christian Sabbath, then of course it cannot rightfully close the public libraries, but this would also deny its right to close theatres or dance-houses, or to prevent the running of horse or steam cars, or, in fact, to interfere with the transaction of any business. If it be said that the preservation of the State requires that the citizen should have one day's rest in seven, and that therefore the State may legitimately require a suspension of business every seventh day, this again would admit too much, for it might with still better reason be argued that the preservation of the State requires that the citizen should give one day in seven to religious instruction and to the worship of God. It may further be said that if the good of the State requires rest every seventh day, it requires that those who conduct libraries, or places of amusement, or run horse-cars or ferry boats, shall also rest.

It is difficult to discuss the question with the closing of a public library as the occasion of the discussion, for public libraries are of all places of resort probably the most quiet and orderly, and those who would visit them on Sunday would in most instances be intellectually benefitted. But if one place of recreation, or entertainment, or amusement, may be thrown open, all others may. To admit away the Christian view of the Sabbath is to admit away the Sabbath altogether.

THE First Class at West Point, we notice by the despatches, are about to publish a letter in explanation of their action in forcibly expelling the three Cadets of the Fourth Class. An abstract of this letter is given, in which they say: "The whole affair to us was painful and unfortunate in the extreme, nor did we desire the inference to be drawn that in our action we were arraying ourselves against the authorities and taking the law into our own hands. On the contrary, our action partook more of the nature of a social body, expelling from it some unworthy members." The three expelled Cadets were considered "unworthy members" for making false statements. The First Class, therefore, in order to correct one offence, that of falsehood, commit another, that of insubordination and contempt of authority, an evil which strikes at the very foundation and organization of the Army. The First Class, in their statement, place themselves in the condition of a mob or a vigilance committee which should take a prisoner, arrested on any charge, from jail, and hang him, and afterwards inform the public that they did not wish to be "understood as having taken the law into their own hands." The three cadets were at the time under arrest, BAIRD for being absent from his quarters during the night, FLECKINGER for reporting "all right," when he knew that his room-mate was absent without authority, and BARNES for making a false statement to a sentinel, and under cover of such statement, paying visits without authority. It is claimed that the First Class had other evidence of lack of veracity on the part of the three expelled cadets, and they therefore resolved, with but two dissenting voices, to make an example of them, and, if possible, purge the institution of the offence of falsehood. It has been said, we believe, in their defence that interference from Washington to remit penalties had become so common that they could not trust the authorities to punish the delinquent Cadets. This is, however, no justification of their action, but if true it indicates the rottenness of the present West Point system and the need of a radical change, if not the abolishment of the institution altogether. The spirit in which the Fourth Class has submitted to the punishment already inflicted, that of being deprived of all privileges, is the best evidence that they now see their error.

It may well be questioned, however, whether they should be permitted to escape with such light punishment. Their offence is more inimical to that discipline and obedience to authority upon which the very existence of the army depends than the offence of falsehood for which they expelled the Cadets of the Fourth Class. The resolutions reported by the House Military Committee seem to us to be just and calculated to correct the spirit of Ku Kluxism which has been on the increase at West Point, especially since the introduction of the colored cadet. These resolutions recommend the appointment of a committee of inquiry to ascertain the instigators and leaders of the forcible expulsion, who are to be dismissed from the institution, the remaining members to be punished as a Court Martial may determine. We hope the resolutions will be adopted.

A NEW YORK despatch of the 13th inst. announces the death of ALICE CAREY, the poet. She has been an invalid for some eighteen months, but the despatch does not state the nature of the disease.

Miss CAREY was born at Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, in 1823, and was, therefore, about 50 years of age at the time of her death. The inspiration of many of her poems and of her prose pastorals was drawn from the rural scenes among which her early life was passed. Her love of Nature is the chief charm of her writings, and she first achieved fame by her sketches of rural and western life. She attracted attention first by a series of rural sketches published in the *National Era*, (that noble journal, which has now gone, like its noble editor, BAILEY, to its long rest, and which introduced WHITTIER and GAIL HAMILTON to the public,) over the signature of "Patty Lee." In 1850, a volume of poems, the joint product of her own pen and that of her sister PHOEBE, was published. In 1851 her romantic poem of "Hualco" appeared, and in the following year "Lyra and other Poems" were published. A collection of her poems was published in 1856, and about this time also appeared those charming sketches of western life, under the title of "Clovernook." Miss CAREY also published three novels, "Hagar, a Story of to-day," which appeared in 1853, "Married, not Mated," and "Hollywood." None of these attracted general attention or became very popular, but they have been enjoyed by a large class of cultivated persons, who admire her clear style and the purity of her sentiments.

Miss CAREY'S name is most familiarly known by her poems, in which her chief strength lay, after her descriptions of rural life and scenery. During the last fifteen or twenty years she has resided with her sister PHOEBE, in New York city. Their house has been the social resort of the art and literary classes, and for some years their Sunday evening receptions have been spoken of as among the most agreeable gatherings of the kind in the city. For the last twelve years, Miss CAREY has been a constant contributor to the New York *Ledger*, and the readers of that journal have looked for her poems as regularly as for the paper itself and experienced a disappointment when the familiar and beloved name did not appear.

Miss CAREY'S poems are written with a peculiar Saxon vigor, but nevertheless in that subdued and sad tone which gives them perhaps their greatest charm. This is of course more true of her later poems. For years her health has not been good, and her life has been unsatisfied, notwithstanding her literary fame and the esteem not only of those who knew her intimately but all who have heard of her. Both she and her sister PHOEBE, who is also a poet of considerable fame but of more cheerful tone, have lived unmarried. This lonesome life in the midst of friends and society no doubt gave much of the sad coloring, or rather hungry yearning, which appears in some of the poems of ALICE. Her poem on the "Full Moon" was doubtless the outcry of her own heart, though the other sex is made to bear the loneliness:

In vain comes the full moon to those unfriended men,
Whose lives are wastes of care;
No home—no row of shining little heads
To think of anywhere.

Miss CAREY'S fame, though not great will live long in American literature. She is not to be compared to such poets of her own sex as Mrs. BROWNING and GEORGE ELIOT, but she is much superior to Mrs. SIGOURNEY and is perhaps the chief American poet of her sex.

CONGRESS

In the Senate, on the 11th, a bill was introduced to prevent obstructions in the waters of harbors and navigable channels of the United States. A bill was also introduced to incorporate a company with a capital of $10,000,000 for the purpose of carrying on commercial business between the United States and China and Japan and engaging in public works in the latter. Several bills from the Committee on Lands were passed, among them one to cede to the State of Ohio unsold lands in the Virginia military district. Adjourned.

In the House, a resolution was adopted asking for information relative to the recent West Point fire and the misconduct of the first class. A large number of pension and other private bills were passed. A bill was passed extending the land laws of the United States over the Territory of Alaska. A bill was passed for the sale of timber lands in California, Oregon and Washington Territory. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 13th, a memorial was presented asking authority from Congress to build the Cincinnati and Southern Railroad through Kentucky, the Kentucky Senate having refused permission, thus placing the State in the way of a work desired by the people both North and South of that State. A report was made upon the House bill to enable honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphans, to acquire homesteads on public lands, striking out the provision allowing the assignment of homestead certificates and the section allowing the entry of land by an agent or attorney. The joint resolution prescribing the form of oath to be taken by Mr. Miller, of Georgia, was adopted. Adjourned.

In the House, a bill was introduced to protect legal citizens and for the appointment of commissions in several of the Southern States to take cognizance of Ku Klux outrages. The bill to amend the act to enforce the right of citizens to vote in the several States was made the special order for Wednesday. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 14th, the House joint resolution appropriating $5,000 in recognition of the services of George F. Robinson in saving the life of Secretary Seward was adopted. A bill was introduced to provide for the selection of cadets to military and naval academies. In making such appointments, Representatives are required to select one from three applicants standing highest after a competitive examination conducted by a committee of three residents of the district, who are to be designated by said Representative. The bill also prohibits the examination or admission within two years of any candidate who fails to pass an examination at a military or naval academy. The bill authorizing mail steamship service in the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and certain Mexican ports was passed. It provides for the construction of three first class iron steamers. Adjourned.

In the House, the resolution declaring Mr. Tillman, the sitting member, entitled to the seat from the Fourth Congressional District of Tennessee, was adopted. The House proceeded to the consideration of the report of the Military Committee on the West Point Academy difficulties. The resolutions recommend that the three cadets forcibly expelled by the first class be restored with the beginning of the next academic year, and that the Secretary of War convene a court of inquiry to ascertain who were the leaders and instigators of the expulsion, such leaders to be expelled, and the remaining members of the class to be punished at the discretion of the General Court Martial to be convened for their trial. The resolutions were discussed for some time, and, without action, the House adjourned.

The Humboldt County *Independent* says: "We reported that Mr. D. A. Dodd's wife had seven pairs of twins and two odd children during ten years of married life. We were wrong. Mr. Dodd, just in our office, informs us that there are eight pairs of twins and three odd ones, nineteen in all—ten girls and nine boys—in fourteen years, and they are living."

WOMAN ITEMS.

Mrs. Eliza B. Burns, of New York, has written a valuable and comprehensive work on Phonography.

The New York *Sun*, having given one of its characteristically vituperative reports of Anna Dickinson's lectures on "Men's Rights" is dubbed by that lady, "The Ishmael of the Press."

Dr. Holland, in his magazine, having given it as his opinion that women should be paid less for their services than men, has received a letter from a woman asking him if he will furnish his magazine any cheaper to a woman than a man. The doctor has not yet been heard from on the subject.

The *Woman's Journal* says: "A committee of members of both Houses, favorable to Woman Suffrage, have assured the ladies of the Central Committee that the present Congress will pass an act declaring the right of women to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, provided as many as ten thousand women petition for the passage of such an act."

Brigham Young complains dreadfully of the extravagance of the inmates of his harem, while formerly it required but six yards to make a dress, it now requires sixteen and eighteen yards, and every woman must have her sewing machine and when she gets it she wants a hundred times as much cloth as formerly to tuck and ruffle and hem. Verily Brigham will yet become a martyr to the curse of civilization and progress, which he vainly endeavors to retard.

Mrs. Kate Doggett, writing from Switzerland says, it is the custom, during the college vacations, for the professors and pupils to take long excursions among the mountains, always making these trips subservient to some scientific purpose. This annual journey was regarded with a feeling of dread by the medical professors, for in Switzerland, as well as in America, rowdyism seems inherent in those proposing to devote themselves to the healing art. Last summer, Miss Dimmock and two other ladies were of a college party. Behold all things are changed. The rowdyism disappeared, the rude youths were transformed into gentlemen, and upon the return of the party, the testimony of all was, that the like of such a voyage, never was before. At the close of the academic year, Miss Dimmock was publicly complimented upon the good influence she had exerted over the school.

A New York paper, in speaking of the sufferings inflicted upon their children by vain, ambitious mothers in their efforts to show them off, calls loudly for the formation of a society to Little Children, and continues, "On the occasion of a grand juvinile ball recently, a mite of a thing three years old, appeared as Madame de Pompadour. Her train more than twice her length, was of white satin, with a bodice and bunched overskirt of antique brocade. The poor little head was laden with false hair and powder, and the arms and neck with jewels. At 11 o'clock, bathed in tears and protesting 'I don't want to go!' 'I won't go!' she was bribed and threatened into a grand *entree*; when the floor was immediately cleared and the flushed, excited little creature, entering at last in to the spirit of the scene made the tour of the ball room. The costume of this baby cost four hundred dollars.

Among the leading lady journalists who are achieving a reputation and a name in metropolitan journalistic literature, is Mrs. Longstreet, a relative of the late ex-President Buchanan. She has for several years been a correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* and also of the Chicago *Times*, writing pleasing racy letters beneath the *nom de plume* of "Cameo." There is also a contributor to the columns of the New York *World*, and the editor of a fashion magazine. "Her Vespers for the Old Year," and "Under the Snow," are literary and resembling in sadness and pathos, the flowing style of Coleridge and in rhythm and harmony, the terse lays of Walter Scott. With all her devotion to literature and her manifold duties as a writer, she finds time to make her home one of those pleasant spots of earth, the remembrance of which brightens the desert of memory as the green, flowery oasis.

At a recent woman suffrage meeting in Cleveland, a lively discussion took place between Mrs. Livermore, of Boston, and Judge Tilden, of the former city. The learned jurist argued that if women had the ballot ignorant and depraved women alone would vote, while the educated, refined and intelligent would absent themselves from the political arena. To which argument Mrs. Livermore replied "that the natural instincts of woman, be she ever so ignorant or depraved, were usually correct, and that the ballot would be used by all such to elevate and improve their condition. That whenever men were ready to place women on an equality with them they would be prepared to vote better and act better themselves, to provide respectable places for voting, where women would be protected from insult and to conduct political campaigns with less of that which is repulsive to the finer feelings of woman." When she went to vote she would go with her husband, just as she went to church, and she had no fear that she would be insulted or shocked. The Cleveland *Herald* remarked that in the opinion of all the intelligent and thinking people present she met the Judge fairly and squarely at every point, defended her position by the strongest arguments, completely eclipsing him.

Mrs. Fremont is thus described in a letter in the *Independent*: "Mrs. Fremont has the temperament and intellect of her father Col Benton. She is the powerful force in social life, that he was in the Senate. She is a woman of the world, who, to her love of pomp and circumstance, has never sacrificed the domestic virtues. She still loves her husband with that absorbing love, which made her brave her father's ire to marry him, and absolute devotion to his interest, has been the prevailing passion of her life. Yet she loves power, as a daughter of Benton must love it; and her fine presence, flashing wit, and comprehensive conversational powers, with her kindling magnetism of manner, make her always mistress of it. In our later day, she revives the splendor of the old *regime*, when the lines of social distinction were more keenly drawn than now, and when women in official circles, with gleaming jewels and powdered hair, renewed in Young America the worthy graces of the Old Aristocracies. Mrs. Fremont will, through the winter, be surrounded by a circle of young ladies, and the house in which she reigns cannot fail to be one of those chosen centres where wisdom, wit and beauty, and perhaps folly, will delight to congregate.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the French Relief Fund at Boston, the amount contributed was reported at $70,000 and $25,000 more is anticipated. Arrangements for the prompt loading of the Worcester are completed. An agent will precede the vessel to consult with other relief committees already in France for the judicious distribution of the aid furnished. With these facilities the committee hope to make every ten dollars supply a person with cheap food for one hundred days.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is reported that demonstrations in favor of the Pope are in preparation in various parts of Europe.

The city of Baden has resolved to erect a monument in honor of General Von Werder, whose defeat of General Bourbaki saved Germany from a French invasion.

Commodore Steadman, commandant at the Boston navy yard, has notified the chairman of the French Aid Committee that the steamship Worcester will be ready to receive her cargo on Wednesday the 15th.

The American schooner White Fawn, captured by the Dominion cutter Water Lily, has been released by decision of the Vice Admirality. The Judge declared the act of the commander of the Water Lily hastily and illegal.

An engine on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad exploded on the 14th, near Piedmont, instantly killing Robert McClung, the fireman, and slightly scalding the engineer.

A jilted lover named John C. Reisner, living near West Union, Iowa, hung himself in his father's barn, last Wednesday.

Colonel Thomas E. Chickering, of the firm of Chickering Brothers, piano manufacturers, died suddenly February 14th of apoplexy.

One hundred and thirteen locomotives stop for rest in Indianapolis over Sabbath, belonging to the different railroads centering there.

It is estimated by dealers that about 10,000 bushels of coal are daily consumed in Indianapolis. This amount will be largely increased in another year.

Since opening the Mercantile Library in Cincinnati on the Sabbath the matter of opening the Public Library is being agitated. It is understood that the matter is to be brought before the School Board.

On the 14th, a train from Indianapolis ran into a wagon and team of two mules, near Edinburg, Ind. The wagon was smashed to pieces, the mules and driver were caught and carried on the cow-catcher unhurt.

Muncie, Ind., has a heroine in the person of Miss Lottie Bice, a lady of eighteen years, who jumped into the river last Friday, at the risk of her own life, and saved that of a little boy who had broken through the ice.

On Monday night a stranger came hurriedly on board the steamer Indiana at Louisville. The mate spoke to him, when he turned to leave the boat, he either fell or jumped into the river. The mate heard him cry for help. Nothing more is known of his fate.

Saturday forenoon, John Haley, residing five miles from Hamburg, Ind., went to work on his shingle machine. He was found some time after in the pit of the fly-wheel, torn and mangled in a shocking manner, an arm and leg being torn from the body. He leaves a wife and four children.

The preliminary organization of the Board of the Stillwater Valley & Shawnaw Railroad Company, took place at Dayton on the 11th, in the Board of Trade Rooms, and steps were taken for a permanent organization. There is every reason to believe the project will be undertaken and the work put to contract at an early day.

Thomas Ball's marble statue of the late Governor Andrew was formally unveiled and presented to the Commonwealth at Boston on the 14th. The chairman of the citizens' committee, W. Gray, who procured the statue, made the presentation in an appropriate address, which was responded to by Governor Claflin in behalf of the State. The Governor's speech was an eloquent tribute to the memory of a distinguished citizen and able magistrate, whose virtue and patriotism they had assembled to honor. The statue was conceded to be a striking likeness and fine work of art.

The Decatur, Ill., *Magnet* of the 9th says: Some four or five weeks since, a little son, five years old, of Mr. Black, a salesman in J. Ullrich & Co.'s grocery, got a grain of pop-corn in his windpipe, and it was found impossible to remove it by ordinary means. A doctor was called in, and, after performing a slight operation, pronounced the obstacle removed. The little fellow continued to complain, however, and, on Monday last, while engaged in tending the baby, he put the infant quickly down, and, placing his hand suddenly on his side, ran to his mother and exclaimed, 'Mother, kiss me—I'm going to die,' and was a corpse three minutes afterward."

At the Illinois Valley Coal Mining Company's shaft, three miles from Lasalle, Ill., on Friday last, a miner named Knowles, stepped into the cage for the purpose of descending to his work and by a mistake of the engineer the cage was raised instead of lowered, and Knowles apprehending danger from contact with the pulley, jumped to the landing, from which he had started; but striking his head against a post, fell backward into the shaft and was killed, his body descending a distance of 350 feet. The bones of his legs were driven up into his body.

"Clear Grit"

In a recent lecture Rev. Robert Collyer said the following true thing:

Every man who is doing any sort of work in Chicago, to-day, was raised a poor man's son, and had to fight his way to his place. Not one of them, as I can ascertain, was a rich man's son, and had a good time when he was a boy, except that all boys should grow as strong as a steel bar, fighting their way to an education and then, when they are ready, plunging into life with that traditional half dollar and a little bundle tied up in a red handkerchief, as I have observed all men start. I tell you that in five and twenty years, when most of us that are now in our middle ages have gone to our retribution, the men of mark in this country will not be sons of those whose fathers can give them all they wish for, and ten times more than they ought to have, but will be those who are brought up in farm houses and cottages, cutting their way through thick-set hindrances of every sort; and all the brown stone houses of the metropolis will be as nothing to bring out the noble man.

Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

THE ENGLISH CLAIMS AND THE COMMISSION—THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE—THE TENNESSEE—THE NAVY.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1871.

The sudden turn in our relations with England is, just now, in everybody's mouth, and the expectation is general that there is to be a settlement of all questions of difference, and that these two Christian nations, with so many common ties of friendship, are no longer to live on the verge of a volcano. It is to be hoped that the high expectations thus inspired are not to be disappointed.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," but the rumors of this turn in our affairs were very faint, until the arrangements were completed. The first intimation was contained in a dispatch from over the water giving a synopsis of what the Queen's speech would contain and intimating that the passage on American affairs would foreshadow a settlement. Then followed the revelations of the New York correspondents and the full particulars submitted to Congress in the letters of Secretary Fish and Minister Thornton.

The Commissioners on the part of the United States are safe, practical men, in whom the country will have the fullest confidence; and the large number, (suggested by our government) will tend to strengthen their action and secure its honorable reception by the country. Mr. Fish, the Secretary of State, who has so ably and successfully conducted the correspondence on the part of the government, stands first; then Mr. Schenck, our Minister to England; then Judge Nelson of the Supreme Court, one of the oldest and ablest judges, and standing next to the Chief Justice (too ill to be designated to the service) in dignity and honor; then a distinguished Senator from the far west, renowned for his legal acumen and legal learning, Mr. Williams of Oregon; and, finally, Judge Hoar, the able and conscientious Attorney General, who retired from the Cabinet, because he regarded his independence more than his official honors.

You will notice by the correspondence that the Commission originated about the fisheries and that the scope of its action was enlarged at the suggestion of our government, so as to take in all the other questions of difference. I need not say that the circumstances are exceedingly favorable to a full and complete adjustment of balances, and that, at no time since the war, has the English government manifested so kindly a disposition towards us as now. This is partly owing, I think, to the spirit manifested by President Grant in the Motley correspondence, in which one of the grounds of censure was that Mr. Motley had overstated our case and that we desired England to understand that while we were anxious for the just recognition of our claims, we intended to maintain peaceful relations and to preserve, if possible, entire harmony between the two Governments.

The Commissioners appointed on the part of Great Britain, are said to be entirely acceptable to the Government here, and as the fishing question needs to be adjusted at once to prevent unpleasant collisions at the opening of the season, there will be no delay in the assembling of the Commissioners, who are to have a room fitted up in the State Department and will probably be in consultation as early as March. You may notice that the English telegrams announce Earl de Grey, the President of the commission on the part of England, as having already sailed for this country. Bernard is Professor of international law at Oxford. Sir Edward Thornton is the minister resident at Washington and Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Richard Rose are public men, who have won their distinction in Canada and are now in this country. They are on the commission to take care of the interests of the Dominion, and it is from them that we must apprehend obstructions more than from that portion of the commission which is properly English.

By the way, do you notice now the Queen's speech more and more assimilates to the message of the President of the United States? No speech so full of information, and treating on so many important subjects was ever before issued from the English throne. The speech from the throne has usually been the merest twaddle, and has seldom occupied more than two or three "sticks full." But the people are learning *more*, and the throne addresses itself *more* to their good sense. The speech is, in fact, a compact statement of the policy of the government, and as a business paper, may be expected henceforth to command more of the popular attention than it has hitherto done.

The alarm about the Tennessee is widespread and painful; but the statement in the *Evening Post*, showing that steamers to San Domingo often go and return, bringing back with them the first news of their arrival out, affords some hope that all may still be well. But, on the other hand, those most familiar with the route say that the voyage should be made in a week; that it is on the great thoroughfare of ocean travel; that, in the ordinary course of things a vessel should be spoken every few hours, and that no word having come back from her after so long a time, may well give rise to the most serious apprehensions.

Then it must be remembered that the people on board were not the kind to

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

They were mostly letter writers for public journals, anxious to communicate with their papers at home and not likely to let an opportunity slip by which they could be heard from. All railroads, telegraphs, fishing smacks and steamers would be under contribution to them for carrying messages and they would be reported even from the bottom of the sea if they could once get hold of the ocean cable.

If the Tennessee has really gone down with all her precious freight of life on board, she has carried with her such a load as a ship has seldom taken before. The commission was, in fact, a great party of pleasure and, the pressure to get get into the "ring" was very great. The number on board is estimated at some 300 and embraced many of our most gifted citizens. The loss would not therefore fall on single households but on great communities.

The sharp debate in the House yesterday on the restoration of Hanscome to his old place in the navy, was a blister on the brain of the new Admiral. The speech of Mr. Banks, especially, was very severe on Porter, and the showing generally not at all creditable to the way the naval dignitaries lord it over their subordinates. The measure for the restoration originated in the Senate and its passage by a strong vote in the House clenches the censures uttered in the debate.

BUCKEYE.

IOWA LETTER.

KNOXVILLE, IA., Feb. 2, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—Your very excellent and popular paper makes its weekly visite to us in the Far West, always laden with good things for the hungry, and kind regards for the weary.

As Marion county, in the Hawkeye State, by some means, has thus far escaped your observation, with your permission we will give you a brief outline of some of the facts concerning it. This county is located in south central Iowa, and contains a population of 25,000, it being considered one of the best, as well as most populous counties in the State. There is no waste or unproductive land in the county, but the soil is exceedingly rich and uniformly productive, producing all the cereals in great abundance. We have beautiful-undulating prairie land, and plenty of good timber to supply all the wants of the country. We have inexhaustible mines of coal from four to eleven feet in thickness, and of superior quality. We have good quarries of lime and sandstone, and our county is supplied with any amount of excellent water power, affording ample facilities for manufacturing of every variety. In short, nature has been exceedingly propitious in supplying us with everything calculated to advance our happiness and minister to our necessities.

Knoxville, the county seat, is a thriving town of 2,000 inhabitants, possessing all the energy and enterprise characteristic of western towns. It has seven churches, three mills, two woolen factories, one foundry, fine schools, and almost everything else characteristic of the civilization of the age.

Our town has not, as yet, had the benefit of a railroad, but now our prospects in that direction are flattering. The Albia, Knoxville & Des Moines Road has been located, and the work on the same is being rapidly advanced, and before next fall we will be on terms of equality with the balance of mankind.

Respectfully, W. E. R.

Miscellany.

The High Commission

The men to whom has been intrusted, by their respective governments, the settlement of the matters in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, occupy at this moment the most prominent place in the attention of the two countries. The English Commissioners are younger men than our own, a circumstance possibly due to the routine in statesmanship and diplomacy pursued in England, by which persons intended for these nigh services begin at an early age to take part in public affairs.

The head of the English commission is Earl De Grey Ripon. He is in his forty-o irth year. His double title is due to his having succeeded to two earldoms which became united in his person in 1859. He began his political life as a radical and has advocated the extension of the suffrage, voting by ballot, short Parliaments and the abolition of church rates; but his connection with several administrations, as Sec'y of War, Sec'y of State for India, and, lastly, as Lord President of the Council, has modified his tone without changing his views, and the rapid advance of liberalism in the conservative ranks has greatly narrowed the distance which formerly separated him from his hereditary political friends. Earl De Grey and Ripon is a magnate in English society. His magnificent estate of Studley Park, in Yorkshire, is well known to Americans who have traveled in England as inclosing the interesting medieval ruins of Fountain's Abbey.

Sir Edward Thornton, the resident British Minister at Washington, succeeded the late Sir Frederick Bruce in that important position, having been transferred from Brazil. He has had twenty-eight years' experience in diplomacy, advancing from attache through the successive stages of Secretary of Legation and Charge d' Affairs to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary. A large part of his diplomatic career was passed in South America, in the Argentine Confederation and Brazil. He came to Washington without a title, but has since been knighted as a Commander of the Bath.

Sir John A. Macdonald, another K. C. B., is fifty-six years of age, and has long been one of the most eminent of Canadian politicians. He was educated as a lawyer, and attained a high position at the bar, but his talents have been most effectively executed in the affairs of the colony. He has represented Kingston in the provisional parliament ever since 1804. He is intensely loyal to the British crown, and his loyalty was rewarded several years ago by knighthood.

Sir John Rose was born in Scotland in 1822, and received his education at King's College, Aberdeen. He went to Canada about twenty-five years ago. He came to the bar, was made Queen's counsel, and has filled many positions of responsibility. In 1864 he acted as commissioner of the government of Great Britain for the settlement of claims arising out of the Oregon treaty with the U. States, and for his services then received his title, and was made Knight Commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George. He has since been Minister of Finance and member of the Privy Council of the Dominion of Canada; and won great reputation of a Candian loan. He is a member of the London banking firm of Morton, Rose & Co., of which the New York house is Morton, Bliss & Co.

The wife of Sir John Rose is an American lady, the sister of Captain Temple, of the Tennessee, the steamer concerning who fate the public is now anxious. Lady Rose was Miss Temple, of Franklin county, Tennessee.

Sir John Rose is a man of large and peculiar influence in England, and much trusted by persons in high places. When the Prince of Wales came to America, Sir John Rose took, at the Queen's desire, we believe, a prominent part in entertaining him, and in making his journey agreeable. When Prince Arthur was lately in Canada, he occupied Sir John Rose's house. His American connections are of so long standing that he is the intimate friend of many of our public men, and his appointment on the commission will be received with special favor here.

Of the American Commissioners, Hamilton Fish, who, as Secretary of State, originated this negotiation, and who has shown himself one of the ablest members of President Grant's Cabinet, is a representative of the greatest State and largest city of the Union. He is an alumnus of Columbia College, was for thirty years a leading member of the bar, served successively in both houses of Congress, and filled honorably the position of Governor of the State. His administration of the State Department under President Grant has greatly increased his reputation by his ability and wise, statesmanlike moderation.

Justice Samuel Nelson, the oldest member of the joint commission, is also a native of New York, and a lawyer by training. His usefulness and distinction have been exclusively judicial. Judge of the Circuit Court and Judge of the Supreme Court of his native State, he rose to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which high station he has occupied for more than a quarter of a century.

Gen. Robert C. Schenck of Ohio, was born in that State in 1809, and formerly thirty years has been a prominent man in its affairs. Sixteen years of this time he served in the House of Representatives. In diplomacy he has had some experience as United States Minister to Brazil, by reason of which he must have many reminiscences of ministerial service in common with Sir Edward Thornton. Mr. Schenck entered the army in the war of the rebellion and was made a General. His recent appointment and confirmation as Minister to England, is a matter of yesterday.

Ebenezer Rockwell Haar, is a native of Massachusetts, and is fifty-four years of age. His official career has been confined chiefly to his own State, where he was Judge of the Supreme Court, which position he resigned in 1869 to accept the office of Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Grant. His learning and ability is well-known and everywhere acknowledged.

The only remaining member of the United States Commission is George H. Williams, a native of New York, but at one time a judge in Iowa, and at this moment a Senator from Oregon, of which State he was Chief Justice during its territorial existence.—*N. Y. Post.*

OF IMITATIONS.

Advice to Would Be Bret Hartes.

From the New York Citizen.

Every successful writer at once secures a group of enthusiastic admirers, who fancy that in copying the peculiarities of his style they are reproducing the merits of his works. Sometimes the imitation is exceedingly close. The late Albert Smith wrote several novels which were servile copies of Dr. Dickens' literary mannerisms. The very name which Mr. Dickens so happily invented were imitated by Mr. Smith, who introduced into his stories men with names as amusingly impossible as "Quilp" and "Dick Swiveller." Nevertheless, after Mr. Smith had assembled his company and dressed them in the uniform of the Dickens brigade, he failed to do anything with them. He talked about them with a clever imitation of Dickens' boisterous humor and maudlin pathos, but he was totally unable to manage them His novels were lifeless and worthless, and attracted notice only as the efforts of a copyist who prided himself upon the servility of his imitations.

Writers of this class uniformly forget that the popularity of the works which they imitate is their author. These may be copied, but the soul which animates them is beyond the reach o the imitator's art. Albert Smith could copy Dickens' style, but not a spark of Dickens' genius shone in his pages. The outer husk is all that the great company of imitators can copy; the inner kernel they wholly ignore.

Recently certain poems by Mr. Bret Harte have gained a high degree of popular favor. They are intensely dramatic, and the speaker, who is usually a rough fellow from the California mining districts, uniformly displays a capacity for deep feeling and unselfish action. Inspired by the success of these admirable poems, an ambitious individual has attempted to imitate them. To write a poem in bad grammar, and in the slang of the backwoodsman, is not a difficult task, and so this imitive person fancied that to imitate Mr. Harte's dialect poems would be extremely easy. He therefore wrote two poems, entitled respectively, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," and considered that he had fully equalled Mr. Harte's best efforts. In this opinion he is not alone. The two poems which we have mentioned, having the peculiarities of dialect which characterized Mr. Harte's California poems, have been generally accepted as fully equal to the latter, by the indiscriminating public. And yet they have only the form, not the substance, of the model, which they follow. As imitations, they are as servile as they could well be made, but their likeness to their originals is only external. The wit and pathos that have made the "Heathen Chinee" and "Jim" so famous are left entirely out of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso." We have merely the bad grammar and the occasional irreverence of Mr. Harte's poems, but not a gleam of the original genius which the latter so unquestionably possess.

In "Little Breeches" we have the common-place story of a child lost in the snow. It is obviously told for the sake of introduceing a remark by the supposed speaker, to the effect that angels are much better employed in rescuing lost children than in "loafing around the throne." This bit of eccentric blasphemy has been generally regarded as the chief merit of the poem. It is, on the contrary, its worst fault, artistically as well as morally. Mr. Harte's "Jim" and his fellows sometimes swear and use rather coarse language, but it is only when such expressions are necessary to complete the study of character drawn by the poet. The blasphemy of "Little Breeches" is that of a copyist who can see no deeper than the outside varnish of the picture which he copies. Not only is the expression "loafing around the throne" wholly unnecessary to the plan of the poem, but it is one which no uneducated rough, like the supposed speaker, would ever think of using. It is as unnatural in the lips of such a man as it is shocking. And yet this silly blasphemy is accepted by hundreds of readers as something worthy of the poet, artist and gentleman, Bret Harte.

"Jim Bludso" has not even the merit, if it may be so called, of original blasphemy. It is the story of a western river pilot who was entirely ignorant of religion, but as a substitute insisted upon sticking to the wheel when the boat was on fire. There is no vestige of an attempt to portray character in the poem. "Jim Bludso" is merely a name. We are told of his voice and his ignorance, and informed that he ran the boat ashore when she was burning, though we are nowhere told that the act was a necessary one. Mr. Harte's "Jim" is a distant individuality, and in half the space that is occupied by a description of "Jim Bludso" we have a perfect picture of a genuine man. It is the old mistake of the tribe of imitators, that form is the essence of the thing imitated. Had "Jim Bludso" been a sharply drawn, original creation, the poem would have possessed merit. As it is, we have seldom seen a weaker and more worthless imitation than this last effort of Mr. Harte's copyist.

Now we have no objection to any man's exercising his talent for mimicry, but we do object to the inevitable lessening of Mr. Harte's reputation which will follow from the popularity of these wretched imitations. Men of critical judgment who read the latter, and know that by nine people out of ten they are regarded as fully equal to Mr. Harte's best work, will be apt to include the real gems in their contempt for the paste. Mr. Harte's fame is already a matter of pride to the nation, and it ought not to be unfairly hidden under the pretentious rubbish of his servile imitators.

ALTERING THE CONCLUSION.—Daniel Webster being called upon to preside at a "New Road Meeting," in his opening remarks said: "I am in favor of all roads except"——here he was unable to think of any exception, when a friend at his elbow, seeing his dilemma, whispered: "say the road to ruin." Webster, catching the suggestion, repeated his first sentence, as if to make it more emphatic, saying, "I am in favor of all roads, except the road to ruin."

A sad confession: The other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred: "The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" out by deduction, asked, "What does your father get every Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly: "He gets drunk!"

Mr. F. M. Ashton, of Rochester Ind., provides a home and a hospital for all owneriess and invalid dogs.

Looking on Both Sides—A Lovely Commercial Yarn.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* tells the following story:

Much is said to those whose prospects are under a cloud, or who have met with disappointment in life, of the necessity of looking on the bright side. No doubt this necessity exists, as there are people who persist in looking at only one side, and that generally the least attractive.

An amusing illustration of the advantage and necessity of looking at both sides has just come to our knowledge.

As every one is aware, the failures in business that have occurred at the opening of the year have made all business men keenly alive to every report or rumor affecting mercantile credit, while the losses of some firms by shrinkage of values, and the misfortunes of customers have caused them to look after all available means pretty sharply. A firm of this class which had been prospecting as to how to make every dollar possible, the other day had an interview with a responsible customer of large standing, with regard to the latter's discounting his own paper, which they held to quite a large amount. The transaction was nearly concluded, but left quiet for a day or two by the firm in question, not wishing to press too hard in a quarter where they expected to realize so favorably. Then one of the partners found, to his consternation, on going to the merchant's counting-room, that he had left very suddenly for the West the day before.

A council of partners was immediately held. How should the money be raised? In the midst of the discussion the letters just arrived by the mail from the west were past in, among which one bearing the absent merchant's well-known chirography, was detected.

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the trio, "here's something from old Bulge, but what the deuce is he doing at Erie?" added he, glancing at the post-mark, "let me see."

The letter was opened, and the partner holding it proceeded to read as follows:

"ERIE, PA., Jan.—, 1870.—MESSRS. SHORTERS, PIKE, RUST & CO.—Gentlemen: It was unfortunate that I did not see you before leaving town, in respect to the proposition made to take up the paper. I was compelled, by pressing circumstances, to leave. You may think it singular to hear from me here, but things were going on wrong in Chicago. You yourself must know the worst by this time. I have failed."

"Busted, by all the gods!" ejaculated Pike, dashing the letter down upon the floor. "The game's up, gentlemen; our goose is cooked."

"Failed, is it?" said the Co.

"That's the very word," roared Pike. "Failed, and just one hundred and five thousand dollars gone to pot because you were so cursed slow about the matter."

"Slow—what d'ye mean by that?" shouted the other. "If I was as fast as some men in this firm, it would have gone to the wall months ago."

"Well, well, gentlemen," said old Shorters, "don't quarrel. Let us see what can be done about it."

"Done, said Rust, putting in his oar; nothing can be done. Our firm's done. You won't get ten cents on the dollar. I always knew old Bulge would go under some day. (Rust was one of those men who 'always told you so,' when anything happened.) Bulge has got away off in Pennsylvania to get rid of his creditors—you'll whistle for your money. But one thing is certain, sixty thousand has got to come into this party before Thursday noon, or there'll be another failure."

The "Co." evidently thought seriously of the "whistling" effort, for he followed his partner's assertion with a long drawn expressive whew—w. "Send up to Brisket's office and get out an attachment. Come; let's get in first among the mourners, at all events," said Pike, leaping to his feet and seizing his hat.

"Wait a bit," said old Shorters, adjusting his eye glasses, "let's look at the letter again? Why," said he, taking it up from the floor, "you haven't read it all—here's written on t'other side"

"Is there?" said Pike, with a gasp. "Well, what does he offer—twenty cents."

"You shall hear," said the senior partner, and proceeded to read the letter, as Pike had done, till he came to the following:

"You, yourselves must know the west—that's west, Pike, not worst."

"The deuce it is; well, go on."

"I have failed—"

"Ha, ha," said Pike, "no mistake about that word."

"None at all," said Shorters, turning over the page and continuing:

"I have failed to make connection with the night train, and, therefore, improve the opportunity to drop you this line, saying, I will cash the whole amount of the paper at the figures proposed. I send by this mail drafts to my cashier, with instructions to do the needful. "Yours, respectfully,

"I. BULGE."

"Hurrah," shouted the "Co," executing a pirouette, "that comes of being slow—slow's the word, my boy."

"That's a piece of luck, if it did cost twelve per cent," said Rust. "Bulge understands a thing or two. I always told you so; he is sure to cash up if he can make a good shave."

Bulge did cash up; he made a good shave. Shoters, Pike, Rust & Co, were in funds, and Pike ever since looks on both sides of letter sheets, as well as questions, before coming to a conclusion."

Impannelling Juries.

Questions alternately by the court, the State's attorney and the defense as usually answered by "an intelligent juror:"

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir—yes, I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind then, is made up?"

"Oh, no—no, it aint."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"You are prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"Think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury, according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"Mere rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to rumor or evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment, or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court—"Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a free-holder?"

"Yes, sir, oh yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither—I'm a boarder."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court—"Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The young lady at Allemagoozelum, who was up with the lark, is now down with the rheumatism.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

POTTSVILLE, Feb. 13.—There were a large number of coal operators present at the meeting to-day which was held within closed doors. The utmost anxiety exists in business circles as to what the result will be. The operators are not anxious to resume work, as the market is being overstocked. It is generally conceded that the men cannot hold out much longer.

But few miners will resume work on the 15th, the operators being unwilling to pay rates on the basis of last fall. Much suffering exists among the families of the miners, and the community sympathize with them. They are willing to work, but are prevented by the so called Workingmen's Benevolent Association.

YANTON, DAK., February 13.—Eleven Indians, representing families and forty-five persons, to-day signed papers before Acting Governor Batcheldor, renouncing tribal relations and claiming citizenship, preparatory to the filing of their homesteads on the Big Sioux, north of Sioux Falls. This will make thirty-seven homesteads taken there by Indians, representing nearly 200 persons, all members of the Santee Sioux bond of Indians, concerned in the Minnesota massacre of 1862. They left the tribe in Nebraska, 25 miles west of here, nearly two years ago, and although they have received no assistance whatever from the Government in any form since then, have proved self-supporting, paying debts more promptly than white settlers, and proved peaceful and law-abiding citizens, sustaining churches and two or three schools. This is a step in advance of the reservation system deserving of encouragement from the Government.

PARIS, February 13.—Everything has been arranged at Bordeaux. A committee to negotiate a treaty of peace has been selected, and the draft of a treaty has been approved by Bismarck and Von Moltke. The treaty will be signed immediately, and the Germans are then to march through Paris to Strasburg station and then take trains for home as fast as possible. The Assembly is then to adjourn to Paris and proceed to organize a government for France.

Departments not occupied by the Germans are ravaged by bands of Franc Tireurs, who are pillaging travelers and houses. Terror reigns in those departments. Discreditable revelations are made concerning the Provisional Government. It is said that members hold immense sums made out of contracts, that they have secretly disposed of stores and provisions, and that at the Hotel de Ville 48,000 bottles of wine were drank.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 13.—The result of the elections in twenty departments is still awaited by the government. Most of these are occupied by German troops. M. Thiers is elected by eighteen departments, General Trochu by seven, General Changarnier by four, Gambetta by three, Jules Favre by two, and Dutour by four departments. There is no news from the Paris election.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—A correspondent of the Times at Berlin, telegraphs to the evening edition of that paper, confidently, that it is expected at headquarters that peace will shortly be concluded. Nevertheless the military and financial preparations continue. The Prussian Parliament has been asked to advance 50,000,000 thalers to the empire, which is to be refunded by the Parliament of Germany.

Favre, for himself and in the name of his colleagues at Bordeaux and Paris, resigned the power confided them as government of the national defenses. He stated that the Ministers would remain in office to maintain order till the constitution of the new government.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 13—Noon.—On the 18th, at noon, the Emperor is to enter Paris by a train from Versailles, taking horse at the Paris station, and proceeding to the Tuileries, where he is to lunch and hold court. The general officers of the army are then to inspect the army of investment, which is to march with colors flying and bands playing, along a line already indicated. His Majesty is then to return to Versailles, where he will sleep. On the two following days he is to revisit the Tuileries, and then return to Germany, if nothing occur during the rest of the week or month. If it is impossible to prepare the Tuileries for the Emperor's reception, His Majesty is to put up at the Champs Elysees. The army before Paris has been reinforced to the utmost war strength.

GOSSIP.

A Michigan railway has produced a $40,000 palace car.

The only son of Geo. D. Prentice is sheep-growing in Texas.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble is passing the winter in England.

There are seventy thousand liquor dealers in the State of Pennsylvania.

Three thousand Baltimoreans make boots and shoes for the wholesale trade, and last year they turned $4,000,000 worth.

A resident of Connecticut boasts that for eighty-four consecutive years he has eaten his Thanksgiving dinner in the same house.

The Boston *Post* intimates that General Schenck can avoid sea sickness, which he dreads, only by throwing up his commission before he sails.

A bill is before the Legislature of Wisconsin authorizing the admission of both a husband and his wife as witnesses in all cases wherein they are interested parties.

"Mr. Smith," said a lawyer to his landlord, "if a man were to give you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and he died, what would you do? would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I'd pray for another like him."

D. C. Myers, Mayor of Quincy, Mich., has mysteriously disappeared. Many of the citizens, in discussing his departure, have compared notes, and finding how much they aggregated, have concluded that he left during a fit of temporary impecuniosity.

The planters in Louisiana and Mississippi are reported to be actively making arrangements to secure white laborers for the next crop, and the supply falls to meet the demand. The demand for white servant girls in these States is also very great, and good ones are paid from $20 to $25 a month.

The sleeping car on a Rutland, Vt., train ran off the track the other day and scooted down a fifteen foot embankment and several rods out into a field without upsetting, the wheels running freely on the frozen ground. None of the passengers were seriously injured, but all of them wondered what was coming next.

The Boston *Journal* says that the folly of strikes is again well illustrated in the experience of the sailers employed by the Weymouth Iron Company. They struck some six months ago, have been idle most of the time since, and at last have returned to work at the same wages which they refused when they struck.

A Moravian missionary, after forty years' work in Greenland, now returning to England, reports: "In all Greenland there is but one station in the neighborhood of which there are heathen. With this exception, all the Greenlanders now profess Christianity." What shall we do with our favorite hymn, "From Greenlands icy mountains"?

A rich harvest of maple sugar is predicted for this spring.

The members of the Bar of Kentucky are almost unanimously, in favor of the admission of negro testimony.

A Missouri woman waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man.

Yellow Dog Landing is a new shipping place on the Cumberland river, and the Swaggles House is the principal hotel there.

Memminger, once spoken of as "Secretary" of the rebel "Treasury," has been made President of the Charleston Bible Society!

Major Zagonyi, who led Fremont's body guard in its famous charge at Springfield, Mo., in 1861, is keeping a cigar shop at Pesth.

The moss business in Florida is becoming profitable. The article is procured in the forests, cured, packed, and forwarded to the North.

A machine that forces cold air between the hide and flesh of animals, has been tried in Buenos Ayres. It takes the hide off in one minute.

Miss Nellie Chase, daughter of the Chief Justice, will be married in Washington some time in March to a son of Edwin Hoyt, of New York.

Dr. Merrick, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., has been obliged to leave his post and seek for health at the East.

A Texas paper reports that since September last 110,000 people, with 1,004 wagons, have emigrated from Tennessee and Georgia into the Lone Star State.

President Grant was so affected on Wednesday by the rumors that the Tennessee was lost that he gave up the regular State dinner party and denied himself of visitors.

Some naughty boy in Penn Yan, the other day, ornamented an old, Gothic framed horse, hitched to an awning post, with a stolen card sign which read: "Oats wanted; inquire within."

A lad in Bridgeport is commended for fortitude, because when a drop press cut off three of his fingers, he looked at the bleeding stumps, and exclaimed, "I'll bet mother'll cry when she sees that!"

Amadeus I. is gaining credit for good habits. Early to bed and early to rise makes him healthy, wealthy and wise—especially healthy; for if he was out late nights he would meet his fate, as Prim did.

A Detroit merchant, having discharged a porter, is receiving semi weekly epistles from him pleasantly informing him that the ex porter is "bound to murder yew at the 1st favorable schance—deth is on yure trale."

There are now ten saw-mills on Puget Sound, one on the Terminal of the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose average daily is from five to seven hundred thousand feet. One of the firm owns and rails seventeen vessels.

Several benevolent ladies of Boston have given $800 towards a proposed fund of $1,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to giving rides in pleasant weather to the inmates of the Home for the Aged Indigent Females.

Prominent at President Grant's last reception was a citizen of Groyden, N. H., who resolutely kept his hat on, telling the ushers that he had heard how fellows at Washington stole strangers' hats, and he didn't mean to have his stolen.

Charles Dickens, after reading Bret Harte's stories, said the Californian could do the best things. The London *Saturday Review* has just got hold of the "Luck of Roaring Camp," and dissects it critically, returning a favorable verdict.

The Oregon Navigation Company owns twenty steamers running on the Williamette river, up and down the Columbia river from Portland, on Puget Sound, and on several forks of the Columbia. They are anxious for the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A half dozen mischievous boys were before the New Haven police court, the other day, charged with putting red pepper upon the stove at the "Little Union" colored church, and compelling the meeting to break up unceremoniously. They were discharged for lack of proof.

The Roman Catholic Protectory receives annually through the New York Legislature over $100,000, with which it cares for from 1,500 to 2,000 children. The Children's Aid Society, Protestant, having in the year some 20,000 poor children in its various branches, applies for $30,000.

A committee of three physicians, appointed by the San Francisco Medical Society at the request of many parents and tax-payers, have visited the principal public schools, and have been convinced that the course of study is too severe and trying and the amount of exercise allowed too little for the health of the pupils.

Many persons suppose that the word hop used for a dance, is an Americanism; but this is a mistake, as appears from the following passage in a letter from Mrs. Delany (an English lady) to her sister, dated January 10, 1745: "Our little hop which I promised Bell was appointed for Wednesday, but that proving the fast day, it is to be this evening."

Mount St. Elias is a detached peak on the Pacific coast in latitude 60 degrees north. It is nearly 18,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and can be seen a great distance at sea, it being only twenty-five miles from the coast. It is one of the most lofty mountains in North America, its summit being always covered with snow.

A former student at Philip's Exeter Academy, who was asked to contribute to the fund to replace the building recently burned, remarked that his academical career was marked by three suspensions, and was finally ended by his being expelled. After debate it was agreed that $25 for each punishment was cheap enough, and $100 was added to the building fund.

In one of the courts a few days since a man was testifying regarding his connection with a case where offers had been made to him to club a man, but he declined the job. With great solemnity the counsel asked, as if anticipating a high moral reason for his refusal, why the witness did not commit the assault. "Well, sir," was the candid reply. "I'm a little lame, and I was afraid the police would catch me."

Eagles are rarely found, and hard to kill when found, yet a negro man in Trimble county, Ky., has killed thirty in the last two years. Numbers of these enormous birds, contrary to their antigregarious custom, annually flock to a certain valley in that neighborhood, waging a devastating war against the smaller stock round about, and disappearing again in February.

A Swiss colony was established in Grundy county, Tenn., in 1869. Now, after a little more than two years, the colony is in a most happy and prosperous condition—composed of over 100 families, making a population of more than 600 souls, and rapidly increasing. They are gradually surrounding themselves with evidences of thrift and comfort characteristic of old and well settled districts.

Probably the most curious suit in the world is the parasol suit of the West Indies.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his work on Light, says those who walk in long procession, each one carrying a cat loaf over its head as a parasol, in the sun, and they deposit these in a low ten or twelve feet under ground, apparently with no other object than to form a comfortable nest for a species of white snake, which is invariably found coiled up among them.

Father Hecker's brother John, who maintains at his own expense the Madison Street Episcopal Chapel, New York, is organizing a new mission school in Rutgers street, in which he proposes that all the poor children from the highways, gutters, and cellars shall be gathered, educated, fed and clothed, and directed in the right way.

An Amsterdam journal says that New York is so defiant of law and so full of ruffians that clergymen carry muskets to church, and that persons who hear around the contribution-box arm themselves with revolvers. The New York *Tribune*, commenting on this says: "Our Dutch cotemporary had anticipated the city by a few years."

Carl Brendel, a Leipsic student who had passed through seven battles and numerous skirmishes in France without a scratch, was recently writing triumphantly to his sister of his untouched escape from the repulse of a sortie made by the Parisians, when the gun which a comrade who was standing near him was cleaning, went off accidentally, and the bullet striking him in the breast, killed him.

The wise men of Philadelphia are greatly exercised over the discovery of a cave in Chester County, "filled with the remains of animals of the post-pliocene period." The bones are those of sloths, tapirs, and ruminants as large as cows, and, most wonderful of all, a mastodon, an animal too large to have entered the mouth of the cavern. One of the scientific men gravely suggested that he must "have fallen through the roof."

The deepest sea sounding ever made was in the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay last year. The depth was 2,435 fathoms—nearly three miles. So practiced was the hand of the officer who made the sounding, that the shock of the arrest of the weight at the bottom was distinctly felt by him. The sinkers on the apparatus used weighed three hundred pounds, and the time occupied by the descent was thirty-five minutes and thirty-five seconds.

Gen. C. H. Morgan, who has recently been placed in command of the United States troops at Raleigh, N. C., has been investigating the Robeson county troubles, and, the papers of that State say, is of the opinion that the citizens can, by united, determined, and organized action, rid themselves of the gang of outlaws committing outrages there. Such action, he thinks, they should take at once, and he promises that the troops shall give assistance when called upon by civil authorities.

The Kennebec Journal calls upon the shipbuilders of Maine to realize the fact that very little of the material now used is obtained within the limits of the State, and that they have almost nothing to put into wooden vessels even, except labor and capital. As a leading interest, it continues, the day of ship-building is past, and the people of Maine should turn their attention to agriculture and manufactures, the two great resources upon which the State is ultimately to rely for prosperity.

Editors are puzzled to know whether it was an Irishman who wrote this in a recent *Overland Monthly*. "For such a man as the late Col. Baker to write so atrocious a slander as this, was an act of such base ingratitude that the fact of his never having written it can hardly be accepted as a sufficient justification." Almost as good as this is a sentence in a letter recently written by the President of one of our American colleges, wherein he solemnly asserts that "our world is not now, and has never been, a scene of perpetual calm and never-ending sunshine."

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In all its various departments, containing in a plain and intelligible form, the results of the observations, experiments and labors of Practical Farmers, Stock Growers, Gardeners, Horticulturists, etc., in all parts of the country. Every question of interest to the great producing classes will receive proper notice and comment; and all improvements in modes of culture, machinery, implements, grains, fruits, &c., &c., will be promptly laid before our readers.

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Will be elegantly printed on fine white paper each number will contain sixteen pages of four columns each; it will be handsomely illustrated with engravings of farming machinery, implements, stock, fruits, flowers, &c., and will be in all respects a first-class journal for the Farm and the Home.

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Address

MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,

TOLEDO, OHIO

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. F. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & CO., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY FEB. 23, 1871.

IRELAND AND ITALY.

The so called friends of Irish liberty and independence are in the habit of ing some very queer things. Ireland has, in the course of a long and rather sad history, struck many noble blows for her own liberty, and the bravery and resolution of her sons have long compelled the admiration of the world. But those of her sons who come to this land have a singular way of illustrating Irish ideas of national liberty. In Ireland thirty years ago, the agitator for Irish Independence, DANIEL O'CONNELL, denounced the slave-holders of America and refused the money which they offered in aid of his cause. He never spared the venal, pro-slavery politicians of this country, but denounced them with a degree of severity which the Irish orater only could arrive at. But most of his sympathizers and followers, when they came to our shores, forgot the teachings of their great leader, and became the most bigotted, tenacious and and serviceable body-guards of the institution of slavery, and the most rabid and virulent persecutors of the black race, and foes of the party of freedom. The politicians of the Democratic party flattered and subsidized their priests, cajoled and gave office to their leaders, and led the masses who really loved Ireland into the power of the very men in this country, who, of all others in the world, had the least sympathy with human freedom any where.

The result of this state of things was that the people of this land who, on principle, favored the efforts of oppressed peoples to gain the right of self-government, became disgusted with the inconsistency of the so-called Irish patriots. They heard them denounce the tyranny of England in one breath, and then heard them eulogize the despots of the slave-plantation with the next. They heard them cheer O'CONNELL one day, and on the next saw them vote for the very despots which O'CONNELL refused to allow in his house or on his grounds, and with whom he refused to have any political alliances or social friendships, namely, those who held their fellow-beings as slaves, as chattels personal. The Repeal movement, as it was then called, though led by an orator and statesman of unparalleled ability and eloquence, failed to command extensive sympathy among Americans. The pro-slavery Democrats, once sure of Irish votes, cared nothing for Irish liberty—and the really zealous friends of human liberty held aloof because they saw no practical proof in the conduct of the repealers in this country of a consistent desire on their part for the triumph of the oppressed of any race over their oppressors.

The man who demands freedom for an Irishman and denies it to a negro—is not likely to be a very effective apostle of his cause among the particular friends of the negro, who are generally impartial friends of liberty for all. The world considers the religion of the man who prayed for blessings only on himself and wife, and his son and his wife, as a broad burlesque, and not at all to be held up as a proof of piety. So a cause, or a class who demand freedom for themselves, while consigning other oppressed and suffering races into a hopeless pit of degradation carries with it no moral appeal—nor weight of influence to the hearts and consciences of mankind.

The modern movement on behalf of Ireland is limited by still more palpable inconsistencies—not to say hypocrisies—on the part of its active friends. A few days ago, we had a grand procession in the city of New York, under Tammany auspices, in honor of the newly-arrived Fenian martyrs who came to our shores from the prisons of Great Britain in which they had been immured. About the same time there was a meeting in the same city, to express sympathy for Italian Unity, and to congratulate the people of Rome in securing for themselves the government which they preferred. At this meeting, if we remember rightly, not a single advocate of Irish Independence appeared. But one man—a Roman Catholic priest—a man of culture—of unblemished fame—and of remarkable energy and success as a clergyman—sent a letter, expressing his opinion that Italy should be free and independent. He had the logical acumen to perceive that the causes of Italy and Ireland were strikingly analogous, and a sincere sympathy for one nation must beget a like feeling for the other. Hence he felt it his duty, as an independent and honest man, to write as follows:

> Italy divided has long been the prey of the foreigner. As I would not like to see foreign soldiers on my own native soil, nor would I consider it an evidence of the contentment and happiness of the people, so I would not wish to see Italy occupied by foreign troops; nor could I consider their presence there as an evidence of the contentment of the people. According to the old theory and practice of European nations, people may be given and taken away without their consent. All that must be changed before the people can be contented. They must own themselves. Standing armies must be abolished. Navies, also, except a few vessels furnished by each nation for the protection of commerce on the high seas, must be got rid of. It is a monstrous injustice to tax and oppress people beyond endurance to gratify the policy and ambition of kings.
>
> How long ignorance will keep people from seeing how easily they might get rid of their grievances, and the cause of them, it is hard to tell; but I am convinced that it cannot be long. Though it is not for me to predict what the destiny of united Italy will be, yet I do not believe she will stop where she is. They have yet a great deal to learn and practice. The people of the Old World don't understand what equality before the law means; for, if they did, they would soon get of rid aristocracy by inheritance or patent, which, like caste, is the greatest curse of the world.
>
> The people, too, of every country and of every creed, have so long been persecuted on account of religion that they do not understand our theory and our practice of civil and religious liberty. When they come to understand and practice it the world over, one of the great causes of human slavery and oppression will be removed forever. That all men throughout the world may soon enjoy evil and religious liberty and equality before the law is the sincere wish of yours truly, THOS. FARRELL.

This is the language of consistency and honesty. It is just what we might expect from an earnest and thoroughly consistent friend of Ireland and of suffering and oppressed humanity everywhere.

But the case does not end here. We have an example of what a certain class of Irish patriots would do for Ireland if they had control of her political fortunes. The Archbishop of New York calls Father FARRELL to account for daring to sympathize with Italian Unity, and he is expelled or removed from the pastoral charge in which he had been successful almost beyond parallel. A council of Irish priests all condemn him for wishing Italy to have the same freedom and independence of priestly or foreign control which he and they alike ask for Ireland.

Can the Catholic Church afford this illustration of Popish liberality and tolerance of free thought? Will it not prove rather costly, all things considered? How long must Ireland be robbed of the sympathy to which she is entitled from her truest friends, because of the inconsistency of some of her professed friends. The cause of Ireland and Italy is so much alike in all essential principles and features that whoever is false to one must be practically treacherous to the other. If the devotees of Rome mean to cripple Ireland forever they are pursuing exactly the course to obtain that object. They may be blind, but the people of the United States are not. He that would move popular sympathy must base his appeal on principles which are pure and broad enough to include all nations and all mankind in their application.

STATE RIGHTS AND COMMERCE.

The Democratic party contains within its ranks the Bourbons of American politics, the men who never can persuaded to give up an old error, nor to embrace a new truth. Nothing but the sword's point has ever proved effectual to persuade a certain class of Democrats to forego any portion of the mischievous States' Rights heresies which have involved our land in its most terrible disasters. They have pretty generally abandoned the support of the right of a State to secede from the Union, because the decisions of war have compelled them to. But the State Rights' heresy still obtains among Democratic politicians. An instance of this occurred on Wednesday of this week in the Ohio Senate. Mr. JENNER, a Democratic member, introduced a series of resolutions, prefaced by a preamble, setting forth that the bill introduced by Senator SHERMAN to allow the Cincinnati Southern Railroad Company to build a road of national importance through the territory of Kentucky is "a step in the direction of centralization," and an invasion of the reserved rights of the State and to centralize power in the general government, &c., &c. This proposition also declares that "every State of the Federal Union has the full and free right to control its own State Legislation, and determine who if any person or corporation may secure rights within the limits of said State; and that there is no authority rightfully to coerce or thus enter said State for the privilege so exercised."

The author of these resolutions is one of the class who still believe in Gen. JACKSON as the infallible oracle of American Democracy, and that any departure from his precepts and the precedents set by him, is a deplorable error. But the nation, after thirty years commercial embarrassment, in which time it endured the evils of State banks, State currency, State rights and State narrowness and jealousy, all growing out of this evil root, have concluded that "centralization" is not the only evil to be avoided in our political system. The same insanity and meanness which now shuts the Cincinnati Southern Railway out of Kentucky, once attempted to say that the commerce of the Northern States should not traverse the Mississippi river without paying tribute to a Southern Confederacy. The business men of the North said that our commerce should never be thus limited—that the grand water ways which nature had provided should never be closed against our commerce. But now the art of man has constructed railways, and they have become essential to the development of our national prosperity. For a State to assume to shut its doors against railway enterprises of national importance is just as damaging in its results as if the States of the South should again combine to make our steamboats pay tribute to them for the privilege of navigating the Mississippi. Formerly when water channels were the chief reliance the importance of land communications between the several States was not realized as it is now. We are now a nation—the war, as well as the doctrines of the Constitution and the decisions of the Courts, have established that—if any opinion can ever be made a fixed fact in our political system. The Constitution gives Congress ample power to provide for and regulate the commerce between the States. This it is to do in no narrow or sectional way, but with an eye to the good of all States, and of all sections of the Union. So long as the States of their own free will, from broad and statesmanlike views of mutual interest, or of inter-State comity, accommodate each other in railway matters, there will be no need for Congressional interference. But when any State shall assume, by its *ipsi dixit*, to prevent the building of railways of national benefit, it needs the guidance and control of a wise and strong central government. But for the existence of the Federal Union, Ohio and Tennessee, in the exercise of full sovereignty, could consider themselves injured and affronted by the course Kentucky has taken, and could appeal to arms to compel justice in the premises. The The States gave up the right to make war because the Federal Government was by the Constitution vested with ample power to provide for the general welfare—the welfare of all the States—in the regulation of inter-state commerce. The railway system of the country is indispensable to our national progress and prosperity. If the Federal Government may not provide for its perfectness and efficiency, for purposes of protection and defence in war, and for the uses of commerce in peace, it is time the defect in the superstructure of the government was discovered and admitted, and an amendment passed which will better subserve the demands of the age.

We may as well fight this battle now as at any future time. We must have a free commerce and untaxed travel from one end of this great nation to the other. The age of petty State domination, of narrow dog in-the-manger policies, must come to an end. We hope the SHERMAN bill may pass at this session of Congress, and thus, in new form, put in exercise one of the assured and expressly defined powers given in the Constitution.

RELIEF FOR SUFFERERS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

The benevolent people of the city of Cleveland have led off in an organization for procuring and forwarding supplies of provisions for the many unfortunate sufferers on account of the war between Germany and France. It is entitled the "Northern Ohio Relief Association." The Mayor of Cleveland, Hon. S. BURRER, acts as President, L. F. MELLEN, Esq., as Secretary, and T. P. HANDY, Esq., as Treasurer. Every leading city and town in Northern Ohio is represented in the list of Vice Presidents. Gen. WAGER SWAYNE is the Vice President from Toledo.

Mr. MELLEN, the Secretary of this Association, was an earnest worker in the Christian Commission during the war, and also in the cause of Education for the Freedmen, having spent much time gratuitously in collecting and forwarding supplies. With his hand on the helm, we may rest assured, this movement will be successfully guided. We hope the people of Toledo will unite their efforts to aid this worthy charity. If we can not prevent war, we may certainly do much to mitigate the horrors of it when it occurs. We have no doubt the good people of Lucas County will heartily respond to the call of Gen. SWAYNE, or any other authorized person, who may initiate measures for the relief of our suffering brethren on the continent of Europe. The following is the circular of the Association:

> This organization has for its object to solicit and forward substantial aid to the sufferers, impoverished by the ravages of war in France and Germany. It is understood that, besides the large number of sick and wounded of both armies, that from the borders of Germany through the northern part of France, embracing a large portion of the wheat growing regions, a million of armed men have marched and fought over it, consuming everything, leaving thousands of human beings in actual starvation. The sufferings of these starving thousands appeal with an eloquence that should be irresistible, and insures prompt action on the part of men and women, patriots and christians to send their contributions, for it will all be needed.
>
> Never perhaps was there a time or an occasion when a generous sympathy was more imperatively called for, by human sufferers needing alleviation; and it is believed that with a certainty of donations reaching their destination, and accomplishing the object intended, a prompt and generous response will be given to the appeal.
>
> Arrangements have been made for a public store-room at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, North Side of Public Square, to receive Flour, Grain, Seeds, Cheese, and any or all articles which can either be forwarded or converted into money. It is expected that the different Railroads will furnish free or reduced rates of transportation to Cleveland, and to the sea-board; and also that a government vessel will transport supplies across the ocean; where a responsible agent will see that all is expended with the utmost care.
>
> All money remittances as well as shipments are to be consigned to "T. P. HANDY, Treasurer, N. O. Relief Association."
>
> Let it be remembered that every dollar in money contributed may save a human life. Will you please see that there is an earnest, active, working Committee, who shall canvass in your vicinity, and have all contributions forwarded promptly.

THE NEW NATIONAL LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued the following Circular giving notice of the opening of subscription books in all the cities of the country for the new national loan. The First National Bank of Toledo is the authorized agent for this city. We publish the circular for the information of all interested.

> TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
> WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1871.
>
> Public notice is hereby given that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.
>
> The places at which subscriptions may be made, and the names of the authorized Agents of the Government, will be announced hereafter. The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:
>
> *First.* Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent per annum.
>
> *Second.* Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.
>
> *Third.* Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent per annum.
>
> Subscribers to the Loan will have preference in the following order, namely:
>
> *First.* Subscribers for equal amounts of each class of bonds.
>
> *Second.* Subscribers for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.
>
> *Third.* Subscribers for five per cent bonds.
>
> When a subscription is made the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent of the amount thereof, to be accounted for by the government when the bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States, known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value. The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds.
>
> The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government.
>
> The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.
>
> After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.
>
> GEO S. BOUTWELL,
> Secretary of the Treasury.

STILL AHEAD.—ELY, the leading Draper and Tailor of the West, is the first to take the field for the spring trade. Any garment he furnishes can be relied upon as No. 1. He always pleases, and his styles are invariably the latest. See his card elsewhere in this weeks issue.

SOLDIERS do not forget that JOHN THROOP, Esq., (an old soldier,) is the proper person to address for full particulars concerning the proposed SOLDIERS FREE HOMESTEAD COLONY, now being formed. His address is West Farmington, Trumbull Co., Ohio.

HOMES IN THE WEST.—Parties desiring any information with regard to the West will do well to read the advertisement of McLEAN & CLELAND among our new advertisements in this number of the WEEKLY BLADE.

OUR NEW STORY!

Everybody ought to read the splendid New Story to be commenced in the BLADE early next month.

"Was She Right or Wrong?"

Read the Story and see whether *you* can answer the question.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

In order to secure this Story complete, names should be sent in at once.

TRIAL TRIP.

To accommodate those who don't know just what kind of a paper the BLADE is, and want to try it for a short time, we will send it for three months for fifty cents, and an extra copy to every person sending in five such subscriptions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE noticed an article from the *Christian Union*, by SAMUEL WILKINSON, on the timber of the Puget Sound region. The facts indicate that these shores will become the great ship-building region of America instead of Alaska as Mr. SEWARD anticipated. The fir trees on this side grow to a height of 265 feet and are 30 feet in circumference. They are free from branches to a height of one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The timber in these trees is said to be stronger than white oak, and admirably adapted to ship-building. The Congressional delegate from Washington Territory, in a letter speaking of the durability of the fir, says:

> "In February, 1858, I completed a schooner of over one hundred tons burden, built entirely of Puget Sound fir. That vessel navigated the Sound for ten years, and then went to San Francisco, where she is still employed in the bay and coasting trade. Last year she was taken out of the water to replace her lower planking which had suffered from worms (the vessel never having been coppered,) and her timbers were found to be perfectly sound. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, a few years ago, bought the steamer *Cascades*, which was built upon Puget Sound, of the fir of that region, I think in the year 1860, and have been running her ever since without repairs. The President of the Company, last summer, told me that she was perfectly sound, while the other steamers built on the Columbia River had been twice newly planked, and many of their timbers replaced during the same period. Our fir timber is not only durable but very strong, possessing the quality of stiffness in a very high degree. I have not at hand the statements showing the strength of this timber, but must refer you to the reports of tests made at the United States navy yard at Mare Island, in California. *These tests prove it to be stronger than the white oak.*"

This magnificent timber and ship building region will soon be opened up to settlement by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and its resources made available.

THE city of Brooklyn, which is in a fair way to go to financial ruin, is about to spend the money of the people in giving the Fenian exiles a reception. If these Fenians continue to allow themselves to be used much longer to make political capital for Democratic Committees and local governments, the public will be compelled to reverse the judgment formed on their arrival concerning their good sense. They had better take the advice of the President of the Philadelphia association and beware of the Democratic wolves. Any demonstrations in their favor can have nothing national or representative of American sentiment in them. It is very proper that their Irish brethren should demonstrate, and they may count upon this as genuine, but anything more comes of party zeal, and has reference wholly to the Irish vote.

THE Iowa Institute of Arts and Science at Dubuque is about to come into possession of a treasure which surpasses in value the Cardiff Giant himself. This treasure is no less than a number of skeletons of the extinct race of giants which once inhabited the continent. Some of these skeletons are, by actual measurement, seven feet and eight inches in height. If this is a few feet shorter than the Gypsum Giant of Cardiff, the skeletons have one great advantage, viz: there can be doubt about their genuineness. They were found in a room in a limestone rock in Iowa on the line of Dubuque and Minnesota Railroad. The workmen while engaged in excavating for the road at the foot of a bluff, are said to have come upon a flat stone covered with unknown characters. The stone was removed and a passage four feet wide and six feet high leading under the bluff was found. Following this passage, they came to another stone, similar to the first, which they removed, when they discovered a large chamber, twenty-five feet square and twenty feet high, cut in the rock. The walls and the ceiling of this room were carved with figures of birds, trees, stars, serpents and chariots. On the south wall was a representation of the sun, below which was the figure of a man stepping from a boat and holding a dove in his hand. A flat slab in the floor of the room was raised, and a vault was found containing the skeletons mentioned. By the side of each skeleton was a small vase filled with yellow earth, beneath which was found animal bones and particles of animal matter. The largest skeleton held in its fingers a pearl ornament, traces of cloth were found at its feet, and in the same vault a number of copper implements were found.

This is a discovery of unusual interest to the American archæologist, and will give rise to much speculation concerning the race to which the skeletons belonged. How did they obtain pearls, cloth and copper implements, unless they had attained to a considerable degree of civilization? What is the meaning of the figure stepping from a boat and holding in its hand a dove, unless it be an allusion to some tradition of the Deluge?

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Remember that we send specimen copies *free and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the BLADE. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS.—One of the most extensive and well-known seed growers in the country is Mr. James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., who is also the originator of some of the choicest vegetables with which our tables are supplied. All seeds supplied by him are warranted fresh, and true to name. See advertisement of his New Catalogue, (sent free,) in this number.

Even in the coldest winters navigation in Puget Sound, one of the termini of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is not obstructed. Flowers are left out all winter without injury. This warmth is said to be due to the Pacific equatorial current.

ATTENTION is called to the card of A. DRAPER, agent for Woodruff's Patent Earth Closet or Commode. It is a good thing.—See advertisement elsewhere.

To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. BOY21w$1.64

Voice of the People.

What they Say About the Toledo Blade.

H. G. PARMELEE, Omaha, Nebraska, says: "Please send me 'working tools' for extending the circulation of the BLADE in his vicinity. I take eight papers and read many others, but the BLADE is the best of them all. Long life to it and the Parson."

W. H. THOMPSON, East Line, New York, says: "I differ from you in politics, but your manly independence and general reliability upon all the great topics of the day, have removed the mote from my eye enough to see that parties, like human beings, are not perfect."

JACOB G. MATLICK, Williamstown, Mo., writes: "Enclosed find my subscription to your excellent paper. I have been borrowing it long enough, and have become so attached to it that I can't think of giving it up. I value the department of Answers to Correspondents as worth a dollar every week; besides, it is the best soldier's friend I know of."

A. WAINWRIGHT, of Winchester, Ill., says: "I have already received some names, which find inclosed, and next week I hope to send you a much larger list. The BLADE is very popular here, and will remain so long as it continues to be the advocate of sound morals, truth and justice."

JAMES KELLY, Reserve, Ind., says: "I have been a reader of the Toledo BLADE, about one year, and will say that it is superior to any paper I ever read. None of them can fill the place of the BLADE."

W. L. MALLOW, New Holland, Ohio, says: "I have been a careful reader of the BLADE for some time, and consider it the best and most instructive family newspaper I ever saw."

E. R. HAIGHT, Lamb's Creek, Pa., writes: "I beg leave to express my high regard for your paper, and more particularly for the department of Answers to Correspondents, which alone is worth many times the cost of the paper."

JOHN M. FOREMAN, East Rushcreek, Ohio, says: "I have taken the BLADE for some time, and find it in every respect superior to my most sanguine expectations. I would not be without it for five times the amount of subscription. The Answers to Correspondents are especially interesting and valuable."

MISS SALLIE BROWN, Danville, Ill., writes: "We consider your most excellent paper indispensible in our family. Its weekly visits are warmly welcomed, as it brings us such a variety of news and instructive and entertaining reading matter."

O. B. FITCH, Sidney Center, N. Y., writes: "I like the BLADE—I like its morals and its politics, and I like its news. Said one of my neighbors to me the other day, 'we take a good many papers, but our folks always read the BLADE more than all the others put together.'"

THEODORE BRADWAY, Dublin, Ind., says: "I have taken the BLADE for eighteen months, and am satisfied that there is no better paper published anywhere."

BURRELL HEDGINGS, Cottonwood Point, Mo., says: "I have always been a democrat, but as a family newspaper I like the BLADE better than any other paper I ever saw. They call me a 'Rad.' down here because I take the BLADE."

C. C. HUNSBERGER, Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I have never seen a paper give such general satisfaction as the BLADE. Some of the persons in the club I sent you take four or five other papers, yet they say they would rather do without all the rest than the BLADE. I am confident I can double the club when our time is up."

MOORE BROTHERS, Willow Creek, Nebraska, say: "The BLADE reaches us weekly, and the longer we take it the more eagerly it is sought for among our mail matter. Its sound political principles, and its valuable collection of reading matter, with the rich and racy wit and humor of the Parson and ex-P. M. of the Confedrit X Roads, give it the preference over all others as a family newspaper."

J. TALLMAN, South Butler, N. Y., writes: "We take six different papers, and like the BLADE the best of all."

KATE T. WOODS, Liberty, N. Y., writes as follows: "I take this early time to renew my subscription, for to do without the best weekly paper in America, (for such I consider the BLADE,) would require more self-denial than I possess."

J. C. FAVORITE, Huntington, Ind., says: "As a soldiers' paper the BLADE has no equal."

J. M. SABINE, Princeville, Ill., says: "The verdict of all your subscribers here is, 'The best paper I have ever taken.'"

T. E. DAVIS, Harrisville, West Va., writes: "The BLADE is constantly growing in favor in this country, and is generally regarded by its readers as the best family paper published."

A. L. GILPIN, Metamora, Ill., says: "I like the BLADE so well that I would about as soon lose the amount of a year's subscription as to miss a single number of the paper."

E. C. ARDILL, Danville, Ill., says: "The BLADE is the best family paper I know of."

R. D. SULLIVAN, Ohio, says: "During the past summer I happened to see a copy of your paper. I sent for it at once and liked it so well that I am now endeavoring to spread it broad-cast over this country."

G. W. BOWLER, Ridge Prairie, Ill., writes: "Allow me to say that of four or five papers taken in my family, the BLADE stands pre-eminent. Its politics are exactly the right thing, its literary department is surpassed by none, its Answers to Correspondents crowded weekly with a rich store of most valuable information, and the Nasby Letters are unrivalled for wit and humor. I can't do without the BLADE."

ISAAC LEHMER, Lima, Ind., says: "I am a new subscriber, and read the BLADE with much interest. Your department of Answers to Correspondents alone is worth many times the cost of the whole paper, and the interest you take in the welfare of soldiers, makes it decidedly the best paper for soldiers publish ed anywhere."

T. R. HARRIS, Martinsville, Mo., writes: "I have changed my residence, therefore please change the BLADE from Eagleville to this P. O. I have been without the paper now for two weeks, and can't stand it any longer. When I return from labor it seems as if some one was away from home not to find my favorite paper lying on the stand awaiting my perusal."

C. C. CHANDELL, Hall, Ind., says: "Your paper is rapidly growing in favor in this region, and I will have a number of other names to send you in a short time."

GEO. ALBERTIE, Union, Wisconsin, says: "I have taken a good many papers, but I consider the BLADE the best family newspaper I have ever taken."

J. W. FOSTER, Mayview, Mo., says: "I have been reading the BLADE about one year, and think it is the best paper I ever read. I think every soldier in the late war should take it for it is truly 'the soldier's friend.'"

S. J. PARSONS, Mt. Carmel, Ky., writes: "I like your paper so well that I pay for two extra copies to go to industrious farmers who never before took a paper."

J. G. WILLIAMS, Brockwayville, Pa., sends a club of ten and says: "I am behind time a little in getting up this club, as money is very scarce with us just now; but the money had to come, for, as one subscriber remarked, he 'had rather let his wife go without her tea than go without the BLADE,'—which was very self-sacrificing on *his* part."

WM. H. BAKER, Linden, Wisconsin, says: "I have been taking the BLADE nearly a year, and can recommend it as the best paper with which I am acquainted, as well as the cheapest. My brother says he would rather have it one month than the Chicago ——— a year."

MISS H. H. PARDEE, McMinnville, Tenn., says: "I always liked the outspoken, fearless tone of your paper, as you never hesitate to rebuke wrong, come from whatever source it may."

R. H. SHOLES, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, says: "I cannot get along without the BLADE, which is a most instructive and interesting companion."

J. H. HECK, Ottawa, Kansas, says: "I think the Toledo BLADE the best family newspaper I ever saw. It contains more news and other really valuable reading than any other paper in this country."

J. W. CRAFT, Norristown Pa., writes: "I consider your Weekly BLADE the best paper I ever took, and could not possibly do without it now."

ISRAEL HOLLOWAY, Lincolnville, Ind., says: "I have been taking the BLADE for some time, and every number seems better than any that came before. I never expect to do without it."

JOHN. M. VAUGHN, Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I hope to send you a club of subscribers from here soon, as I regard the BLADE as the best family newspaper published anywhere."

J. T. GOOD, Waynesboro, Pa., says: "Everybody is delighted with the BLADE."

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 15th, a resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate to the Senate a copy of the instructions to the commander of the Tennessee on her present cruise. The joint resolution of the Indiana legislature withdrawing the ratification of that State to the 15th amendment was taken up to allow Mr. Morton to address the Senate on a question therein presented. Considerable discussion followed, when the matter was laid over, to take up the bill to regulate telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries. This was laid aside to consider the legislative and judicial appropriation bill. Without action, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, after considerable debate, the bill to enforce the rights of citizens of the United States to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment was passed, by nearly a party vote. The bill is confined to elections for representatives of Congress and provides that all such elections shall be by written or printed ballot. It provides for the appointment of two Supervisors of Election in cities bearing a population of over 20,000, authorizes the appointment of special deputies by the United States Marshal, and provides for the appointment of a chief supervisor of elections in each judicial district. The authority to call on the military is stricken out. A bill was reported providing that no penalty be imposed on any Life Insurance Company, of any State, on account of any action by such Company, which is authorized by the laws of the United States, and that no tax or other condition of doing business should be imposed on any such Company which was not by the same authority imposed on all Life Insurance Companies. Laid on the table, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the bill for the relief of contractors for the construction of war vessels, with the veto of the President, was reported back. The vote on the question of passage over the veto resulted—2 yeas to 57 nays. Another similar bill was then reported with the clause to which the President objected stricken out, and requiring that claims against the Government shall be preferred within twelve months. Several amendments were offered and discussed, and, without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the resolutions concerning the West Point Academy difficulties were taken up and discussed. Mr. Johnson, in support of his amendment requiring the the court of inquiry to inquire into the conduct of affairs of the Academy, said that the record against the Cadet Barnes was made up after a false and spurious examination, and was "as false as hell and malignant as the scoundrel who made it." Mr. Johnson's amendment was agreed to. The first and second resolutions were then adopted. The bill to establish regulations to be observed on vessels propelled wholly or part by steam so as to guard against loss or damage from accident was passed. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the Committee on Claims was defended against an attack made in a New York paper, reflecting upon its recommendation for the distribution of the proceeds of the sale of certain cotton captured by Admiral Porter's fleet on the Red River Expedition. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was taken up, and an amendment proposed by Mr. Trumbull was adopted. The amendment repeals the proviso in the law proposed to be repealed by Congress, which makes a pardon conclusive evidence of guilt in a Court of Claims, and that the person who receives it is guilty of whatever offense is recited in the pardon, unless on its reception he entered a written protest to the contrary. Without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the army appropriation bill was discussed. The report of the Committee of Conference on the bill creating a territorial government for the District of Columbia was agreed to and the bill goes to the President for his signature. Other bills relating to the District were called up and went to the Speaker's table. A night session was held, during which the National Education bill was considered. Without action the House adjourned.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST.—As stated last week, we have added this publication to our clubbing list, and can furnish it and the BLADE for two dollars a year. The *Guest* is published monthly, the regular price being one dollar per year. It contain during the year not less than sixty-five pieces of music, all choice and new, besides much interesting musical literature in each number.

People say, "that a cold must run its course," that means, that if the patient is strong enough to stand the cough, without rupturing a blood vessel, and physician enough to bear constant tickling in the throat, that he will come out of his cold all right, and then again he might not. It is much better to use Edey's Carbolic Troches, which allay irritation, and he preserves his powers unvexed, and comes out better than if he had coughed for nine days. No man or woman should trifle with a cough or cold, when these Carbolic Troches are working such remarkable cures. It is folly to trust to time and luck to a work which can be done more safely and expeditiously by them. Call on your druggist and order a box of Edey's Carbolic Troches.

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Correspondence.

Washington Letters.

EDUCATION—BERLIN MISSION—LOAN—GEN. BLAIR—THE TEST OATH—THE GOVERNMENT FOR THIS DISTRICT—COMMISSIONER PARKER—LIBERIA—THE GAY SEASON—THE SNOW.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1871.

The Commissioner of Education is very efficient in advocating a higher idea of educational work, and it is easy to see that a better public sentiment on that subject is asserting itself. Mr. Hoar made a very able argument the other day in favor of a national system of education, but his bill will go over to the next Congress without action. Mr Arnell, of Tennessee, is pushing a proposition to appropriate the avails of the public lands for five years to founding systems of education for the South. Mr. Garfield is calling for a report showing what aid has been granted by Congress to the various States for educational purposes and what is the comparative condition of the States on this subject. The motion to print a large number of Gen. Eaton's reports drew out a lively discussion in which Mr. Bayard, one of the Delaware Senators, showed how he was mortified at the figure which his little state cut in the Commissioner's report. He opposed the printing on the ground that the report contained false statements and was prejudicial and unfair. I learn, however, that the Commissioner is prepared to stand by his statements and that Delaware is not likely to gain much reputation by stirring up inquiry. It is pretty clear that education and christian civilization, as well, must be at a very low ebb in a state which refuses to abolish the whipping post.

It has been stated that Prussia was to be raised to a first class mission, and Mr. Bancroft re called; but this does not quite express the fact. Prussia has been swallowed up by the German Empire, which has become a large and important power; and the proposition is to create a new mission of the first-class, like London or Paris, and to appoint thereto, a minister resident at Berlin; and when that is done, Mr. Bancroft's vocation is to cease. Mr. Bancroft is a legacy of Andrew Johnson and not understood to be thoroughly with the Republican party; but the Secretary of State has a strong personal attachment for him, and he is an able man, who is discharging the duties of his position well, and there is great reluctance to remove him.

The Secretary of the Treasury is receiving very encouraging reports respecting the prospects of the new loan.

Gen. Blair had the ear of the Senate yesterday on the action of Indiana in regard to the withdrawal of her ratification to the 15th amendment, and Mr. Morton improved the occasion to ask him some home questions, to which he gave very explicit replies. He holds that the 15th amendment is fairly adopted and the law of the land; but the reconstruction acts are not and never were laws, and it he had been in a position to act upon them in a public capacity he would have treated them as a nullity; but he explained that his plan was to withdraw the army and let the people do the rest. His speech was sharply partizan and marked by the positive character of the man.

The message of the President in regard to the repeal of the test oath embodies what was known here as his view of the case. He does not veto or sign the bill, but lets it go into effect without his action.

Judge Bingham's bill for the better enforcement of the 15 h amendment was passed yesterday by a strong vote and now goes to the Senate.

There is still great anxiety in regard to the Tennessee, but many are entirely confident that the war steamer seen in the neighborhood of Cuba was the missing vessel and that she is certain to "turn up" all right. But even the most hopeful await the arrival of the Tybee with tremulous anxiety.

The bill providing a government for the District of Columbia was reported from the Committee of Conference yesterday in the Senate and passed. It will probably be acted on by the House to-day. It is a very important measure and great hopes are entertained that it will remedy the worst defects of our bad government. It united the cities of Georgetown and Washington and the territory outside, in the country, into one government, with two Houses for legislation, a Governor, a member of Congress, &c. The Governor and the Upper House are to be appointed by the President; but the members of the Lower House and the member of Congress are to be elected.

The examination into the official conduct of the Indian Commissioner, Gen. Parker, is concluded, and the report will soon be presented. The investigation has covered a great deal of ground and shows irregularities and frauds in abundance, but the impression made is not so much against the Commissioner as against other parties for whom he is only partially responsible. The confidence of the government in the Commissioner remains unshaken. He is an educated Indian who was on Gen. Grant's staff during the war and is well and favorably known in this city where he has large social relations.

I have just received a letter from President Roye, of Liberia, dated on the 7th of January. He arrived out with no accident, and is again at his post and earnestly at work to enlarge the educational, agricultural and commercial advantages of his people.

February has been amusingly active in the line of "fashion and folly," and Washington, I think, was never so gay before; but the season of Lent is at hand, and will put a stop to a large amount of festivity. Hence the rush to get through before the solemn season arrives.

Our snow melts rapidly, but there is so great a body lying on the ground that, even at this rate, it will last a number of days to convert it into water. For once we have been blockaded and the street cars and other modes of conveyances have been almost useless.

BUCKEYE.

THE SNOW—A RECEPTION—THE GEORGIA SENATOR ELECT—THE TENNESSEE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—St. Valentine's day has come in with a thick blanket of snow, and the birds will have to open the season in snow shoes if they make love "worth a cent." It commenced snowing last night about 12 o'clock and kept on steadily till 12 o'clock to-day, laying the snow very evenly to a depth of eight or ten inches. But the sun comes out warm and the atmosphere is humid and melting, and the prospect is that our snow will soon run off in water or turn to mud which is not a very desirable consumation.

Last night Secretary Delano gave his last card reception for the season, and his rooms were crowded with a brilliant array of distinguished persons who seemed to enjoy the occasion greatly though the jam was not favorable to the development of flowing skirts or the display of costly silks. The ladies seem to appreciate this difficulty and turn their attention all the more to the ornaments of the head and bust which, in many instances, sparkle with rare and costly gems and are heavily laden with various ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. Delano have not been long in the category of receivers, but it seems to be generally conceded that their cordial affability and careful attentions to their guests make their receptions among the most agreeable entertainments of this entertaining city. Of course Ohio was largely represented, but the company embraced distinguished persons from all parts of this great country.

The proceedings of Congress have not been of great interest of late. Yesterday the Senate had under consideration an oath which was formed with special reference to the case of Dr. Miller, one of the Senators elect from Georgia, who will probably be admitted to his seat, though it is clear enough that he has no right to it, since he was ineligible at the time of his election and, as one of the Senators observed, could not be elected for the simple reason that all votes cast for him were null and void. But the tendency of things is more and more towards smoothing over the past, and this closes the last link in the chain of reconstruction—such as it is, so far as admissions to the Senate are concerned.

Gov. Morton, who, you know, is an invalid, was out to Secretary Delano's recepuon last night; but did not float around with the crowd. He took his seat at the foot of the stairs in the hall, where he was the subject of quite an ovation.

There is nothing from the Tennessee; but the statements of the Secretary of the Navy to the effect that the government has no reason to apprehend her loss, that she is a new staunch vessel, well equipped and manned, that no great storms have occurred to cause the apprehended disaster, and that there is no regular way of communication from the Island till the arrival of the Tybee, next week, have tended to quiet the popular alarm to a considerable extent. The government is confident that the Commission is safe and at its work on the Island.

BUCKEYE.

From Our Lady Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1871.

As yet there is no lull in the festivities of fashionable life in Washington. Indeed, as the season advances toward its its close, gayety increases, and the swift weeks are all too brief to hold the thousand and one amusements, which the pleasure seeking throng would press into them. The evenings overflow with merriment, and nights and mornings clasp hands over the revellers. Receptions, sociables, soirieces, operas and concerts all crowd themselves into the same evening, clamorous for precedence. Music and dancing, chit-chat and laughter, fill up the fleeting hours, and showy dresses and gleaming jewels set off the pretty faces.

This a very brilliant winter at the capitol, and many will carry reminders of it long after the excitement is over, in sunken eyes and haggard faces.

MRS. COLFAX

is a woman of sense, and dares to appear in a simple merino dress, occasionally, at her Wednesday afternoon receptions—Last week she wore white poplin, trimmed with bands of wine-colored velvet, and was assisted by her cousin, Miss Wade, who was dressed in a pretty drab silk, with pink ribbons at her throat and on her hair. A goodly company of ladies were grouped about in her pleasant parlors, chatting gaily, while the dainty cheer of smoking chocolate and cake considerably refreshed the inner man, (which man, please consider in the feminine gender.) It was enjoyable, and we liked it, but presently we were aware of another attraction. From an adjoining appartment, came to our ears the soft and cooing tones of a baby. Behold! it is Schuyler the younger, we said, and we hastened to take a look at the little fellow. This fortunate "scion of a noble house," is a fine, fat, blue eyed boy, of ten months, and behaves quite like other babies—plays with a silver spoon, and hugs and kisses his colored nurse, who seems very fond of her little charge.—May the years be many, and long, before the child learns that lesson, which men, with their superior wisdom, assert to be true with so much complaisance, that it is weak and womanish, to give expression to one's feelings. May the little chap thrive and grow—and may he cut down his father's favorite cherry tree, and cut capers on the trail of his mother's best dress, and bring down the hoary heads of neither, with sorrow to the grave. But we may not tarry longer, and with good bye to the baby and good morning to his mother, we take ourselves away to the stately residence of

SPEAKER BLAINE,

whose wife also receives guests on Wednesdays. A white-gloved servant ushers us into the presence of the lady, who is attired in a lilac and white striped silk, with overskirt and train, and other etcetera's. She is tall and graceful, and pleasing in her manner. But we linger not long, for in the rear parlor we spy the petite figure of a woman robed in blue, and we hasten to pay our addresses to Miss Mary Dodge, otherwise "Gail Hamilton."

Something better than beauty, lights up the face of the little lady as she talks, a speaking, changing face, set in a frame work of short flaxen curls, a face young and fair enough to belong to a girl of twenty-five. She is as piquant and bright as her writings, and dashes of humor, bubble out from her lips in a way quite irresistible. It is good to look upon such a woman as Gail Hamilton, on whom the fleeting years have so little power to set their impress. Some people always look young, simply because they have never gone down far enough into the depths of anything; experience, or sorrow, or thought, to change the expression of their faces. While others, with hearts always overflowing with kindly sympathies, and broad charities, use the thorns of life, as leelers for its roses, and with immortal youth in the soul, walk down the vale of life, forever young.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

is at present the centre of interest and attraction, in expectation of the coming carnival. The smooth wooden pavement is completed, and every effort is being put forth to make said jollification a success. Considerable money has been donated for the purpose, and at a recent meeting of the City Council, five thousand dollars was appropriated; still, the necessary funds are a trifle scarce. We all feel not a little anxious that the present heavy snows may disappear before that time. The city is filling up quite rapidly, and a perfect jam is expected.

In consideration of the half fare tickets, and the numerous attractions which Washington offers, outside of the carnival, a great crowd will undoubtedly come.

On sunshiny afternoons, it is as good as a play to take a stroll on the avenue, and watch the mixed multitudes, forever coming, and forever going, like the automaton figures in a pantomime show. And yet, a little scrutiny of the passing faces, reveals so many different histories—something of joy, and much of human woe in all.

There is a beauty in everything, from the dashing equipage, drawn by mettle some steeds to the tiny baby carriage, laden with its fair innocent freight; and the man who sits by the wayside, clad in the good old army blue, who, with his one battle spared hand, patiently grinds out from his old organ the familiar strains of "Shoo Fly," deserves a stronger interest, and more admiration than many who in broad cloth and kids, pass by on the other side.

"GONE TO HER DEATH."

On Friday last, between the hours of twelve and one, human law, (I dare not say justice,) satisfied itself at Marlbow, Maryland, in the public execution of Mary Wallace, a colored girl only fifteen years of age for poisoning a baby in Washington some months ago. It seems that she had quarreled with the child's nurse, and it was thought that she poisoned it for the sake of throwing suspicion upon her. A good deal of evidence was brought to bear against her in the court, and it was alleged that a boy saw her drop something into the child's milk. It would seem that it must have been poison, for soon after drinking it the child went into convulsions and died in about an hour. This all looked badly and circumstantial evidence was strong against her, and she was condemned to die upon the gallows, and thus she has died. Up to the very last she declared herself innocent of the crime, not with violent protestations, but quietly and calmly, and met her death without a quiver. Who now, even of those who have thought her guilty, can find it in their hearts to believe that one so young, and especially a girl, should dare to enter into the presence of the Eternal with a lie upon her soul?

And if she suffered innocently her cruel death, but adds another hideous horror to the long, black list of crimes committed in the name of justice. Where shall we look for equity when a young girl, a mere child, is condemned to death upon circumstantial evidence, and old reprobates and murderers, like McFarland, are acquitted and suffered to go at large? If capital punishment is right and necessary, ought it not in the name of all that is decent and humane, to be as private as possible? What conceivable good can accrue to the world, to the brutal men and women, who gather together to gaze upon such scenes, in witnessing the dying agonies of a poor ignorant colored girl, who, until within a few years, has been a slave? Are not such spectacles of horror, fruitful of crime and bloodshed? Would ye train up a nation of murderers, let your children be present at public hangings.

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Alice Carey is dead. The gifted daughter of poetry and of song has gone home, and silent Greenwood holds in sacred trust the frail earthly casket in which she dwelt. In the solemn stillness of the all-hallowed rest day her freed spirit soared away to that Infinite Love which makes eternal Sabbath on the other side of the river. From the church of the Stranger, men of renown bore her to her long rest, and kindly Nature furnished her a winding sheet of snow, purer and whiter than any of mortal make. Alice Carey is dead, and yet she is alive forevermore. In thousands of hearts and homes she lives to-day, and the memory of her can never die. And as the slow years pass away, and other generations come and go, her name will still be as a household word, wherever the poetic soul and great, loving heart of the pure woman is recognized and loved. With a faith exalted above the ugly fortunes of this present life, and an unbounded love for human kind, she had attained unto a height seldom reached, from which, in her own sweet words,

"The world beneath looked fair,
Its seeming inequalities subdued
And level all to purposes of good."

A. D. H.

From Lone Tree.

LONE TREE, Merrick Co., Neb. }
February 12, 1871. }

EDITOR BLADE:—As my letter of January 10th has caused me to receive almost innumerable letters of inquiry regarding this country, I will write again and thus answer all at once as they all require about the same answer.

Lone Tree is about the centre of Merrick county, and is 130 miles west of Omaha, 65 east of Fort Karney, 22 east of Grand Island where the U. S. Land Office is located, is the County seat and a station on the U. P. Railroad. There is 44 miles of railroad in our county, four railroad stations. Government land can be had within from 1 to 3 miles of each, and railroad land the same. The county is watered by Platte and Soup Fork Rivers, Silver and Prairie Creeks. The land is bottom and gently sloping prairie; timber only along the rivers. The best of water is had at from six to twenty feet depth, and is usually obtained by driving iron pipes and using pumps of the same metal. The soil is a dark, sandy loam of the best quality. Rock can be obtained on the Soup Fork River, but not nearer. Fruit trees where tried have done exceedingly well, and I am convinced that with even less care than is usually taken east, fruit of all kinds, grown as far north as this, will do as well. Root crops produce largely and are easily cultivated. Wheat averages 20 bushels per acre; oats 50 and corn 50. Finer and better potatoes both Irish and sweet, can not be produced than is grown here, as well as vegetables of all kinds. Flouring mills are needed very much, but will doubtless not be long. The county contains 167,640 acres of government land, and 131,000 of railroad land, the latter at a price of from $3 to $5 per acre, with five years time at 6 per cent interest. The government land can only be taken as homesteads or pre-emptions. Soldiers can take 160 acres for homesteads; others but 80, while any can take 160 acres by peremption, at a cost of 2.50 per acre, 18 months from date of filing. For stock raising this county can not be surpassed. Stock is high at present owing to so many coming without, and having to purchase here. Horses for farms from 200 to 400 dollars. Oxen for farms from 125 to 175 dollars. Cows from 35 to 60 owing to quality. Merchants, Mechanics and business men generally can do well here if industrious, and of steady habits. Lumber is brought from the east and is high of course but will be very reasonable this coming season. Wood is worth three to four dollars per cord, and coal $8 to $9 per ton. The county is largely Republican in politics, and, with the exception of $18,000 recently voted in bonds to build a court house and jail, is out of debt. The coming season will see good school houses in all the districts and churches in all the towns. Much interest is manifested regarding both, and, for a county so new, has a good record. The population is almost exclusively American, which is some inducement to men of that class to locate with us; at least it would be with me. Of course, 'twill be very different from the east, but a living can be had easier than there and a home at no cost but your time and trouble getting here. Privations, where one is poor, will have to be endured to some extent, but not to near the extent that many imagine. People here are not so avaricious and grasping if a man is industrious and energetic, its very little time he will be in the least dependent.—Many think 'tis a great undertaking to go West, but are always, so far as my experience goes in this vicinity, very happily disappointed. To those coming, would say, pitch out, you can't do worse and there is a good prospect, if you are poor, of bettering your condition, and should you have means to make a fair start you are all O. K. for increasing your substance rapidly. And to you who have been soldiers, many are are here but there is room for thousands more; only fall in and forward as in days agone.

And now good night; hope to better my acquaintance with many of you, and if you are not satisfied, why write me.—All your letters have been received, and, although numerous, have done the best my time and capacity would admit. Am as ever,

PIONEER.

Kansas Correspondence.

SALINA, Kansas, Feb. 13, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—As I receive many letters from the East making inquiries about Central and Western Kansas and have not time to answer them all, though there was no other way to reach all except in the BLADE, as you have such a large circulation, and I don't wonder at your success, for I consider (without any flattery to you) that you publish the best family newspaper in the United States and I have many here to second my opinion. As I was a soldier myself I feel that you are doing more good to the soldiers that were in the late war by publishing the information you do than any other paper now published. Well as I wish to give a little information to soldiers who intend to come west this spring or fall to take homesteads under the late law, and men generally like to know a little about a country before they come, thus if my few words will benefit those of the soldiers that read them they can remember the task to write was no more than a soldier's duty. I will first tell them that many counties of this State are already taken up by speculators, and some are neutral lands and Indian reservations to which no title can be given, but many portions of the State are opened under the homestead law, but west of the 6th principal meridian is opened for homestead or pre-emption. If you look on the map you will find that Salina is about 12 miles west of the 6th principal meridian, so all of Salina county and the adjoining counties, north, south and west, can be homesteaded. Most of Salina county has been already taken, but there is plenty of land near us, and the finest I ever saw. The soil is from one to four feet deep and is the finest country for stock I ever saw. Many men have got rich on cattle alone, within the last five years. Generally speaking, we have very fine winters. I consider this one of the best places I ever saw for a man to increase in wealth and to grow up with the country. Many of our rich men in Salina county came five and eight years ago broke, some without fifty cents in their pockets and no property.

I will now give you a little description of how this country grows: I came here in 1867 and found but a very few houses, in fact, I might say no town, but Salina, Kansas, of to-day is the county seat, and located near the centre of Saline county. It is located on the Smoky Hill river; in the broadest and most fertile valley in the State. We have seven lawyers, nine dry goods stores, two drug stores, two books and stationers, two boot and shoe manufacturers, three hardware, stoves and tinware, one banking house, five hotels, two steam flouring mills, three watchmakers and jewellers, one dentist, three butchers and markets, three dealers in farming implements and wagons, seven contractors and builders, four blacksmiths, two harness shops, two public schools with over 200 scholars, three good churches, a large court house and jail, one furniture store, (and we badly need another, and any one coming with a small capital would find a good opening here in the furniture business). I merely mention the above facts to let your readers know how fast a town grows in a western country. I neglected to state that we are situated one hundred and eighty-six miles from the east line of the State on the Kansas Pacific R. R., the road now runs through to Denver and also connets with the North Platt P. R. R. We have several railroads promised to run through here, and they have a bill before Congress now to run a railroad from Cancordia north of here through south to Preston, Texas. The Kansas P. R. R will probably some day run a railroad from here to Santa Fee N. M., and by doing so will tap the rich country just south of us on the little Arkansas River, which is now settling up fast, this is their railroad town. Any assistance I can in directing (or otherwise) soldie s hunting homes I will be glad to do so when they come. More anon

A. C. SLOAN.

A Word for Soldiers' Widows.

GENESEE, Henry Co., Feb. 13.

EDITOR BLADE: Seeing you take so much interest in the soldiers' welfare and interest, I would like to ask, why it is that we hear so little about the interests of the wives of those who offered up their lives a willing sacrifice for their country, or the wives of those who have died since they were discharged. Now, it seems to me, that if there is any class who needed the support and sympathy of the government, it is this very class of individuals. Left, as many of them are, to support not only themselves but a family of children it seems as if they were entitled to additional help from the government. I do not complain so much for want of willingness on the part of the government, as I do for want of having their minds called to this particular point in the question. I am glad to see Congress deduct the time that a soldier served in the army from the time required in the Homestead Law, and many other measures that are just and proper; but I would like to ask, where is the widow to look for help. She cannot go to the far west, and settle upon a Homestead for various reasons too obvious to all.

Some draw a pension, you may say. Very true, but it is not the wives of those who have died since they were discharged, and the cause of whose death could be traced to diseases and wounds contracted in the army, but who were supposed to be able bodied were discharged. Now what I ask is this that they be entitled to a land warrant or its equivalent exempt from the settlement of the same.

The BLADE has done, is doing a good, and noble work in behalf of the soldier (and they know how to appreciate it.) It still has a work to perform, a mission to fulfill, and judging from the past it will perform it with great credit both to itself and the cause it has in hand.

I remain yours truly,

A SOLDIER.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON THE REPEAL OF THE TEST OATH.

The following is the message of the President sent to Congress on yesterday, in regard to the bill repealing the test oath in certain cases:

WASHINGTON, February 15.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have, this day, transmitted to the Senate the announcement that Senate bill No. 218, of an act prescribing an oath to officers, to be taken by persons who participated in the late rebellion and who are not qualified from holding office by the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which has become a law, and in the manner prescribed by the Constitution without the signature of the President. If this were a bill for the repeal of the test oath which is required of persons elected or appointed to offices of honor or trust, it would meet my approval. The effect of the law, however, is to relieve from taking the prescribed oath all those persons whom it was intended to exclude from such offices, and to require it from all others. By this law the soldier who fought and bled for his country, is to swear his loyalty before assuming official functions, whilst the General who commanded the hosts for the overthrow of his Government is admitted to a place within it. I cannot affix my name to a law which discriminates against the upholder of the Government. I believe, however, that it is not a wise policy to keep from office by oath those who are not disqualified by the Constitution, and are the choice of the legal voters. But while relieving them from an oath which they cannot take, I recommend the release of those to whom the oath has no application.

U. S. GRANT.

The Tennessee at St. Domingo City.

SAN DOMINGO CITY, Feb. 3.—The Commission arrived here from Samana Bay yesterday. Every one connected with the party are in excellent health. The want of coaling facilities detained the ship six days at Samana. The Commission found the inhabitants of the Peninsula very generally in favor of annexation. A full investigation made into the ownership of the land owned around the harbor showed that no United States official is involved in any private transaction there whatever. Fabens and his associates, and O'Sullivan, have a perpetual lease at a nominal price of nearly all available water front for large vessels around the harbor of Samana. There is no valuable mineral in that section. The commission landed here this morning and was formally received by Baez. Wade explained the character and objected. Baez and cabinet gave them a cordial welcome President. Baez said that peace and a stable government would follow an union with United States and the people were all anxious for a union. Cabral had no dominicans with him and the force he was supposed to command were Haytiens and Hayti was the real mover in the whole matter. He had information that aniuvsaion was to be made while the commission was here to influence them and from his agents he had learned the whole movement, he expressed a hope that the Commissioners would examine all classes and promised to extend every facility. Five of the party came across the Island from Samana to this place. The Commission find thus far no experience of public disturbances or dissensions. The season is very healthy and the officers and crews of the United States steamers Tennessee and Nantasket, and parties now in this harbor are all well. The commission will be here a week longer, and will probably visit Azqua next. The stories of trouble there are untrue. The Commission intend to start for home in about four weeks to-night.

Baez has agreed to give safe conduct to Cabral or any of his officers to come here and meet the Commission, and messengers will be despatched at once.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LEIPSIC, Feb. 17.—A petition to the French National Assembly is circulating among the French prisoners in Germany. It expresses a desire for the submission of the question whether the form of government of France shall be Republican or Monarchial, to a vote, with universal suffrage.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—The Paris Figaro says it is reported that the German propositions for peace run thus: The cession of Alsace and Lorraine and a portion of the Department of Doubs, and an indemnity of one and a half millions of thalers. The Prussians are to keep all the materials of war they have captured, and the French fleet and colonies will remain intact.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 18.—Immediately after the vote in the Assembly, yesterday, the English, Austrian and Italian ambassadors officially visited M. Thiers and recognized the French Government.

In the National Assembly to-day, President Grevy received a letter from M. Thiers, announcing his appearance with the new Ministers in the Assembly on Sunday.

M. Rochetort protested against the display of the military force around the Chamber during the discussion upon the declaration. M. Kelier was in the Committee yesterday. Generals Chanzy and Billut each declared that the defensive war could, if necessary, be successfully prosecuted. The number of deputies in attendance to-day exceeds 600.

BERLIN, Feb. 18.—The North German Gazettee of to-day says the election of an Orleanist to the Presidency of the Republic would imply a speedy renewal of anarchy in France and prevent reconciliation with Germany, the Orleanists being the sworn enemy of Germany.

Odo Russell, in his advices to the government, states that peace is absolutely certain, but that a revolutionary, warlike movement in the South is highly probable.

The French forces now in the field are as follows: With Chanzey, 120,000, well equipped and armed; 135,000 with Faidherbe; 70,000 at Cherbourg, and 40,000 at Havre in bad condition.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 19.—M. Thiers left to-day for Versailles.

The new Ministry is composed as follows: President of the Council, Buffet; Minister of War, Le Flor; Public Works De Larcy; Instruction, Simon; Commerce, Lumbrecht; Foreign Affairs, Favre; Interior, Picard; Justice, Du Faure; Marine, Saugerry.

The appointment of Jules Simon as Minister of Public Instruction was in consequence of his notorious infidelity.

The people of Bordeaux are generally opposed to peace on the basis of cession terms, but it is said that the majority of the Ministry and the Assembly have resolved upon peace upon the best terms obtainable.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 19.—Not the slightest doubt is entertained in high quarters, since Favre's return, in regard to final peace. Favre has expressed the opinion that the Assembly can be relied upon to make terms of peace. There is an evident disposition on the part of Prussia to yield her demands, except in the matters of the territory, and even this may undergo modification. It is probable that the Emperor will abandon the idea of entering Paris, and that the troops will quit Paris with all possible promptitude, and evacuate France as soon as practicable after sufficient guarantees is given for the payment of an indemnity of 15,000,000 sterling.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—Agents of the police are searching for arms and grenades in disturbed districts. The authorities do not anticipate any organized attempt to prevent the entry of the Prussians, but fears are entertained that the turbulent people of Belleville and Vilette might make a demonstration upon the King and Bismarck, against whom the exasperation is intense. The police have already seized a number of grenades, but large numbers known to have been constructed have not been discovered. Some persons believe the Prussians will abandon the proposed entry into the city, but the best informed authorities are certain they will march through it.

All families residing in the St. Germain continually wear morning and declare that their houses shall be closed and no inhabitant should go on the streets while the Prussians are there, and that after they leave all pavements walked over should be removed, and that nothing should remain in that had been pointed by the tread of the invaders.

Paris is resuming her natural appearances. Boats have commenced running and the traffic in the streets has begun. Carts are out, but there are scarcely any cabs or carriages. The people, too—and it is almost painful to witness it—are about to resume their wonted frivolities, and carelessness and gaiety, and already preparations are making for the opening of the dissolute gardens of the capitol.—The cafes are nightly thronged with loose characters of both sexes, and the people, indeed, seem indifferent to the disgrace they have already undergone and are now undergoing.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—A Berlin special to the Times says the terms of peace proposed by Bismarck are comparatively moderate.

HAVANA, February 15.—It is surmised here that several persons of importance intend to surrender to Valmaseda in person, notwithstanding the fact that the term of amnesty expires to-day. It is generally believed that Valmaseda will continue some humane and conciliatory policy, the same as if the amnesty had not expired.

HAVANA, Feb. 16.—Count Valmaseda left to-day for the Lineo Villas, where he is to receive the submission of the villages of that district.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—It is now reported that no new elections for delegates to the National Assembly will be necessary in this city.

The authorities have fixed the price of bread at 50 centimes per kilo.

The Journal Des Debates says that Thiers is universally regarded as the future President of France, with Favre, Picard and Buffet as members of the Ministry.

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Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now in my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding.

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous-looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses,
Keeping off the scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still;
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do Thy will.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

BY MARY E. TUCKER.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it,
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy;—
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys made men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy;—
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den.
And seek for comfort elsewhere;—
And remember, boys make men.

The Traveler and the Shepherd Boy.

A rich traveler in an Eastern country was one day passing through a lovely plain watered by crystal streams and luxuriant with flowery herbage. He had left the city behind, and though care was on his brow, and his thoughts returned to his gold, he could not but look round him with a pleasurable feeling, such as seldom visited his sordid heart. Suddenly he came upon a shepherd boy, who carelessly reclined upon the velvet sward; his crook was lying beside him, and his sheep, tired of grazing, lay sleeping at his feet.

The traveler curbed his prancing steed and thus addressed him:

"Methinks thou leadest a useless life, friend, in this quiet valley, with naught to care for but these lazy sheep, and scarcely would they go astray with this sweet grass to crop and you clear stream to give them drink."

"Providence has placed me here," replied the youth modestly, "and I strive to do my duty, though, may be, it is a humble one."

"Listen to me," returned the traveler; "thou art a comely youth, and might make thy fortune in a city life. Hast thou no ambition?"

"None," replied the boy, "it belongs not to our lowly race. My father tended sheep before me, and in a good old age he resigned his crook to me, and lay down thankfully and died. Peacefully and innocently my days pass along; no cares disturb me; I eat my bread in quietness, and at night sleep in safety."

"And thou art contented?"

"Allah is great," returned the youth; "why should I seek for more than he has given me? I know no want, and my heart is full of happiness."

"Foolish youth," replied the stranger scornfully. "If thou wouldst rise from thy ignorable station followed me, and I will place thee where thou mayst gather wealth untold—enough to fill thy poor cabin where thou art contented to doze thy life away, even as thy father did afore thee."

The youth looked at the rich stranger with surprise, but no pleasure mantled his cheek.

"I have much wealth," resumed the traveler, after a moment's pause, "and the care of it fills me with perplexity. All around me are selfish and avaricious, I dare not trust them. I seek some one in whom I can confide, and thy countenance is honest and pleases me. If thou wilt live with me and be faithful to me shalt be richly rewarded. I have no heir, and when Allah calls me away thy services shall not be forgotten."

The youth's countenance assumed a thoughtful expression.

"I must leave you now," continued the stranger. "My gold will tempt the cupidity of my servants, and in my absence they will rob me. Think of what I have said; to-morrow I will return for thee."

"And what service am I to render thee?" asked the boy, "for I am ignorant of the ways of men, and know little of the value of wealth."

"I have those about me whom I can not trust," he replied. "Suspicion dwells under my roof, and all look on my gold with envy. I would test thy honesty, and make the keeper of my treasures."

"Allah forbid," returned the youth; "my lowly roof covers no gold, but it shelters loving hearts; we rest in safety, fearing no rapacious plunderer, for we have naught to tempt his avarice. Better is my poverty with security and content than thy wealth, surrounded by anxiety and snares."

The stranger vainly sought to change his resolution. He had conceived a liking for the youth, and being himself the slave of suspicion, and envied for his hoarded wealth, which benefited no living soul, he longed earnestly for a faithful heart to share his anxiety and relieve him of the weight of care.

The shepherd boy saw the rich stranger depart without regret or a single wish to follow him. At night he gathered his sheep into the fold and lay down to sleep in happy security, thankful that he had resisted all temptation to quit the home and occupation of his childhood.

The rich man lay down in his sumptuous bed, which avarice had planted with thorn, and at midnight his servants rose and robbed him of all his treasure, leaving him bound and destitute, and obliged to seek from others that all which in his prosperity he had never bestowed on a single child of want. He sought the cell of a Dervish, and ended his days in poverty and vain regret.

The shepherd boy, when he heard the fate of the haughty traveler, blessed Allah that he had given him contentment and no superfluous wealth, and after a tranquil life his days closed as they first began—in the enjoyment of a shepherd's peaceful life.—*Golden Hours.*

Bread Upon The Waters.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face whose large, brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way," said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth—

"That cut off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care though; the brown eyed object really did cry as if it hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond!"

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm, down an obscure lane she darted, between tall, ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden stair case to a room where a pale, neat looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine, that temporarily supplied the place of the fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"Oh, mother, mother! see, ejaculated the breathless child, "a gentleman gave me a whole quarter. Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it in the poor widows poverty-stricken home he would have urged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

* * * * * * * *

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as it pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver piece.

* * * * * * *

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the black December night—the fire was glowing cheerily in the well filled grate, and the dinner table in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance!"

"There's a man with him in the study' mamma—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But, as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of an humble looking man, in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheeks had paled and then flushed, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary, I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the loving husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this evening. I believe I've got his address about me somewhere."

An hour or two later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

* * * * * * *

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodging, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed, as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the estray. It was a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:—"In grateful remembrance of a silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

Love of the Beautiful

Place a young girl under the care of kind-hearted women, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a through-going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in shape of hanging baskets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunrise!" Buy for them beautiful picturers; and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

Copperfield's Golden Rules

My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well.

I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder, on which some men mount; but the rounds must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect a appreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find, now, to have been my golden rules.—*Dickens.*

Birthful Men and Women.

It is a real blessing to have one in a family who is sensitive to the ludicrous. There are enough to reflect the sad side of life, and its irritable side, and its sober side. We need one or more to show the mirth that often trembles just below the surface of painful things. A real, impetuous laugh dissipates many illusions, sweeps the twilight out of our imaginations, and brings honest daylight. But it must be real. No dry, hacking laugh. It should be spontaneous, outbursting, irresistible, infectious. We have seen men fall to laughing who have not heard the cause of mirth, but only have caught the contagion of other men's laughing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are in earnest about it.

THE TWO POKERS.—I was sitting reading one day by the fireside. As it was getting dark I shut my book and looked at the fire. The black poker and the bright poker were lying side by side in the fender, and by the firelight I could see the bright poker reflecting angry flashes of indignation on his humble brother.

What are you doing by the side of me, you smoky, black, indelicate poker?—Your proper place is down in the ashes there, with your leg under the fire."

Last time they poked the fire they put me here, sir," said the poor little black poker.

"You've no right to be up here on the hand-irons. The idea of your coming so near a bright polished poker like me!"

"Sir, if I am black it shows I am not idle and useless."

"But you smell so disagreeably of fire and smoke, I can't bear you near me."

The poor little poker mustered up courage to say, "Sir, if I, smell of fire and smoke it is because, being a poker, I do a poker's work; but you, sir, are clean and bright, because you lie here all day long doing nothing. You, sir, are not a poker, but a dummy."

Bravo! little poker, said I, and as the fire wanted stirring I took him up and did it, and then stood him upright in one corner of the fireplace, with his head far above the fine dummy.

Before honor is humility.

Wit and Humor.

SLEIGHING.

Of all the joys vouchsafed to man
In life's tempestuous whirl,
There's naught approaches heaven so near
As sleighing with a girl.
A rosy, laughing, buxom girl;
A frank good-natured honest girl;
A feeling, flirting, dashing, dotting,
Smiling, smacking, jolly, joking,
Jaunty, jovial, poser-poking,
Dear little darling, with a red hat and white feather, who snuggles right up against your waistcoat, and lets you assist her in holding her muff;
Who laughs at you a mouth of power—
A dear little duck of a girl.

Pile up your wealth as mountain high,
You sneering, scoffing churl,
I'll laugh as I go dashing past
With my jingling bells and girl
The brightest, dearest, sweetest girl;
The trimmest, gayest, neatest girl;
The funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest,
Roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest,
Spunkiest, spliest, squirmiest, squarest,
Half-concealing amorous flashes,
Just the girl for chap like me
To court, and love, and marry, you see—
With rosy cheek and clustering curls,
The sweetest and the best of girls.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Stuck up"—Show bills.

Welcome to winter—All hail!

The Board of Trade—The counter.

A fleeting show—A traveling circus.

Cure for a "brain on fire"—Blow it out.

A woman's bow ideal—The marriage tie.

A kitchen dresser—Bridget on a Sunday.

The best vegetable to raise (s) teers on—onions.

"Whiplexy" is the new western name for intoxication.

Twenty quires make one ream; one Ream makes a statue.

A-moose-ment—Shooting the monarch of the woods down east.

"The bitter end"—The last half-inch of a half-penny cigar.

Young ladies had better be fast asleep than "fast" awake.—*Judy.*

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? He-then.

How long can a goose stand on one foot? Try it—that's the way the goose found out.

A reporter of great experience tells us, that to digest a tough sermon you must first take it down.

"What is home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent her mother out to chop wood.

'I came near selling my boots the other day,' said Scuttle to a friend. 'How so?' 'Well, I had them half-soled.'

It is proverblally said that every dog has his day. If this were true, the dog-days would be more numerous.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous thing in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

A negro, on being examined, was asked if his master was a true Christian. 'No, sir, he is a politician,' was the reply.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. 'I mind my own business,' was the reply.

A lady's dress-maker horrified her the other day by telling her she would "cut her body out" in the course of the afternoon.

When a man who is involved commits suicide, and thus pays only "the debt of nature," does he make nature a preferred creditor?

A little boy, returning from Sabbath school, said to his mother, "This catechism is too hard. Ain't there any kitty-chism for little boys."

A young lady died at a boarding-school lately of home sickness. An exchange asks why they did not try homœopathic treatment.

"I am going to the postoffice, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

As you wear!—Young Swell—"I say, boy, what do you do with your clothes when you've worn them out?" Boy—"Wears 'em 'ome agin!"—[Fun.

In describing a new organ, a country editor says: "The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

"Women," remarked the contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of you bay." "Ay sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

In some places out west egg-nogg is sold by the barrel. The customary salutation between neighbors, instead of being "good morning," is, "Is your shell full?"

A lively Hibernian exclaimed, at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och! Master Theodore, but you are a hook that nobody can bate."

A western paper, describing the speech of a young orator, says that "he broke the ice felicitously with his opening, and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

A disturbed preacher remarked, "If that cross-eyed lady in the side aisle, with red hair and a blue bonnet, don't stop talking, I must point her out to the congregation."

"Pat, who is this Nilason we hear so much speakin' about in the newspapers?" "Don't you know, Mike? Why it is the ould sea-devil Nilson that fit the battle of the Nile, tubbe shure."

An unmarried young man declared the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious—"I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an old bachelor's funeral.

A young lady at a party, on being asked to favor the company with "The Maiden's Prayer," went to the piano and struck up "Mother may I go out to swim?" in a very animated manner.

The schoolmaster abroad.—Horatio—"O do leave off that noise, Emilia, will yer?" Lucretia—"Don't say 'Will yer,' Horatio! say 'Will you?'" Horatio—"All right. Leave off! will you, Emily!"

'Brethren,' said a speaker at a late missionary meeting, 'I want you to turn your backs upon this board of missions—your greenbacks, I mean, and, if you presume to speak to them, let it be in silver tones.'

The author of a novel just published, wishing to say that her heroine opened her mouth, thus expresses herself: "The pretty coral doorkeepers of her words gave way, and a low mocking laugh ran out from them."

A Scotchman's definition of metaphysics: "When the folks wha listen dinna ken the meaning o' what they hear, and when the man who speaks dinna ken what he means his ain sel'—that's metafussicks."

A sea captain, invited to meet the committee of a society for the evangelization to Africa, when asked, "Do the subjects of the king of Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied: "Yes, and everthing else they can lay hands on."

A lady wishes some one would invent a "legometer," to attach to men's pedals, so that wives may determine the distance traveled by their husbands when they want to "just step down to the post office" of an evening.

There is in a western state a woman so cleanly that she rubs the dirt off the firewood before she puts it in the stove. Another woman tries to beat this by pulling the growing beets out every morning and washing the dirt off them.

The only chapter in the Bible (the last chapter in Proverbs), written by a woman, (the mother of King Lemuel), contains a plea for woman's wages: "Give her the fruit of her hand, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A would-be school teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and i'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

A school teacher spelled out the word "g-r-a-c-e," and asked a scholar to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him, 'What did your father say this morning before breakfast?' The boy thought a minute and finally said, 'Pa said, "d—n these eggs, they're rotten!"'

A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, popped the question. The lady in a frightening manner said: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!"

There is a gentleman by the name of James Mew who writes a great deal of very tame verse for the English magazines. This unwarrantable proceeding coupled with the gentleman's name, suggests the old saying that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous—between the Muse and the Mew.

WAKED HIM UP.—Rev. J. H. K. was, several years since, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York. During his sermon, on a hot summer's Sunday morning, brother Austen, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K. suddenly paused, and called out,—

"Brother Austen, will you please open the window there a little? *Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room.*"

The brother was awakened, and complied.

An Arkansas man sentenced to be hanged, is in a bad way. The neighboring carpenters refuse to build the gallows and the sheriff don't know how. The prisoner is a carpenter himself, and the sheriff has tried several times to have him build it, but he says "he'll be hanged if he will."

An old bachelor editor thus, in his spite, comments on a recent moonlight incident: "We left our sanctum at midnight last night, and on our way home we saw a young lady and gentleman holding a gate on its hinges. They were evidently indignant at being out so late, and we saw them bite each other several times."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two law suits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation, "No, you do not, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and if you have any business with me it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses."

A little boy that went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was—"Why stand ye all the day idle? Go into my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought it over awhile, and then cried out: "What d'ye stand round here doing noffin for; go into my barnyard and work, I'll make it all right with you."

A lady and gentleman of Troy, N. Y., whose connubial bliss is perfect in everything, save the presence of children around the domestic fireside, were examining some illuminated mottoes in a book store, the other day, when the wife picked out one bearing these words: "God bless our home." The husband thought that very good, but still not exactly what they wanted. Looking a little farther, he picked up this one: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Spurgeon says it is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people.—They can't make a shilling go so far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister who who wanted a little more salary as his family increased: "I did not know that you preached for money." "No, I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do, but I could not live on souls and if I could it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal."

EDITORIAL SMALL TALK.—We met with this witty retort in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car driver:

"You are a Catholic, Jimmie?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"And you pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"I do, yer honor."

"Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or mine."

"That's true, yer honor, but then you will allow there's a mighty difference in their children."

Many years ago, while the country was new, the settlers were troubled with that pestilerious disease—the itch. It had indeed become so common that people who did not have it were hardly considered respectable! At this time Mr. Emerson Keyes, late Deputy Superintendent of public Education, was a small boy of ten years, residing in the Western part of New York, and, being a person of respectability, was of course troubled with the disease. After he had been plagued with it some time, one of his schoolmates chanced to meet him, and said: "Emerson I'll bet you have got the seven-year itch."

"I ain't, either," angrily replied Emerson; "I hain't had it but four years!"

Doctor John Burnham, formerly a resident of the eastern part of Maine, was a man of high standing, and held several offices of trust under the National and State administrations. Besides attending to the duties of his profession as a practicing physician, he sometimes "improved his gift," as a preacher. Originally a Baptist, he afterward embraced the doctrine of universal salvation. In relating the story of his conversation, on a certain occasion, he said he resisted the assent of his heart to the truth of the doctrines of Universalism for a long time after he saw light, because he was "unwilling to give up the idea that there *ought to be* a hell for the Stickneys down in Orland."

A SAVING CLAUSE.—Some years ago there was a good deal of excitement among the people of a certain town in C—— county, Vt., on the subject of religion, and almost every man in the place was more or less awakened to a sense of sinfulness, and made a public declaration of his intention to lead a different life. Among the rest were three principal men of the village, whom we will call M., B., and G., who being all present at one of the meetings, took part in the proceedings, to the great joy of the faithful, and much to the astonishment of "the rest of mankind" then and there assembled. M. rose first, and having made a general confession of his unworthiness, said, in conclusion, that he had always intended to be an honest man, but that, if he had wronged any one, he was willing to make full restitution. B. followed, speaking in pretty much the same manner. G. arose next, and spoke of his sins and wickedness in quite as strong terms as the other had done; but coming to the "restitution" clause, he remarked, with a caution characteristic of himself: "If there is any man that I have defrauded, I shall be most happy to sit down and talk it over with him."

Not many years ago, two brothers of the name of Turner, kept a store in Troy, buying their little stock of miscellaneous goods in Albany. One day, one of the brothers went down and bought a bill a little larger than usual. "What, under the sun, does this mean?" said Jacob, the elder reading the invoice on his brother's return. "Here are bleached sheetings, brown ditto, and linen ditto; then sets of china, blue ditto, and stone ditto. What's that ditto you've been buying?"

"I don't know," replied James. "I didn't order no such articles, and I don't know what they are, anyway."

"Well," says Jacob, "so long as they've sent us some, you had better go right down and find out about it."

Accordingly off goes James to Albany.

"Well," asks Jacob, when he returned "and what, under heaven does ditto mean?"

"It means," says James, "that I am a blamed fool, and you are ditto."

This reminds us of a certain Elihu Todd, who wrote to his sisters. The sisters happening to live together, Elihu directed the letters, one to "Miss Mary Mary Todd," the other to "Miss Ann Ditto."

That Turtle.

We deeply sympathize with the fate of the unfortunate turtle that is dragged from his native deep and is confined in a narrow tub to be gazed at for awhile by the curious and unfeeling, with a prospect of being served up into soup when he has served his purpose as an exhibition. His native haunt, the broad ocean, is so very wide, and his tub is so very narrow. We never can look upon him and not feel the dint of pity.—Diogenes in his tub was a comparatively happy fellow. There was nothing compulsory about it in his case. He took up his residence there from choice, but the poor turtle isn't consulted in the matter at all, but is thrust in and is kept there without any will of his own.

Lew. Boman runs a turtle tub in front of his establishment. Some days you may see a crowd around the tub from morning until night, and you may be sure there is a turtle in it. The other day we stopped to look at his turtle-ship, and a man took us mysteriously aside and whispered, as he pointed over his shoulders with his thumb at the object in the tub, "Lew. ought to let that old fellow out."

"What old fellow?" we inquired.

"Why, that turtle. He has had him ever since he kept the International—he and Phil. Tieman. He exhibits him in the tub for a few days under the shallow pretense that he is going to serve him up into soup, and then the fellow disappears. But he don't go into soup," adds the man, winking significantly,

"Where does he go?"

"He goes into retirement—got another tub in the cellar. There he lies concealed until Lew wants to advertise turtle soup again, when he is brought out and exhibited as before."

"No!"

"It's a fact, and it's cruel. That turtle was in the prime of life when Boman first brought him to Cincinnati, but now he is grizzly with age and bald-headed. I have seen him look up into Boman's face with great tears in his eyes, as if imploring him to either release him or boil him up into soup at once."

"He must grow weary of being stared at."

"Oh, he does, indeed. For years he has seen about the same faces standing over his tub, and the same hands have caught him by the fin and whopped him over on his back. He pines for the ocean again, and is tired of assisting in a perpetual deception on the public. No, sir, that turtle has served Boman for many years and he is entitled to a discharge and a pension."

We believe the man is mistaken, but the matter ought to be investigated.

Dead Head

A letter of an unusual kind was laid before the Board of Directors of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, at a recent meeting, from a minister, who proposed to hold semi-monthly services in Brooks, and asked that a pass over the road from Burnham be given him. After due consideration, the following reply was sent by the President:

BELFAST, January 28, 1871.

"Your favor of yesterday, asking for a pass over the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, is at hand. This company is disposed to lend all possible aid toward the advancement of the gospel. It recognizes specially the need of regenerating influences and a change of heart in the field of your proposed labors at Brooks, which town has repudiated its subscription to this road. With the hope that your prayers and exhortations may be efficacious to that end, I enclose the pass asked for."

The Province of Ontario, Canada, has voted $30,000 to encourage emigration and $20,000 to build houses and clear from three to five acres on a number of free grant lots. The proposition is intended more particularly to meet the requirements of new settlers who may have two or three hundred dollars, and are willing to pay a moderate sum cash down, in order to immediate shelter for their families and secure a crop of potatoes and other vegetables as a supply for the first winter.

To Lovers of Music

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.

Whitney's Ten Cent Series

3 Pieces of First Class Music Ten Cents!

30 Pieces of First Class Music for $1.00!

W. W. WHITNEY

Toledo, Ohio,

Has now ready Ten Numbers of his Ten Cent Musical Series. Each number contains three pieces of first-class music. The first piece of each number is a popular song, with Piano accompaniment—the other two are popular choruses.

The following is the list:

No. 1.

"ROOM AMONG THE ANGELS."
"THE BRIGHT FOREVERMORE."
"WHO'LL BE FOR JESUS?"

No. 2.

"DOWN BY THE SAD SEA SHORE."
"ROUND THE THRONE OF GLORY."
"GLORIOUS KINGDOM."

No. 3.

"BONNIE LITTLE BURRNIE"—S
"MEET ME BEYOND THE RIVER."
"EARY CHILD I'LL GIVE YOU REST."

No. 4.

"BONNIE HIGHLAND LASSIE."
"A KISS FOR A BLOW."
"BEAUTIEUL LAND ON HIGH."

No. 5.

"WEEP NO MORE O'ER ALLIE'S GRAVE."
"COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY."
"MY HOME FAR AWAY."

No. 6.

"BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW."
"DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SING."
"WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES"—Temperance.

No. 7.

"CROWN PRINCE GRAND MARCH."
"SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER."
"OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND."

No. 8.

"LITTLE KATY'S FIRST WALTZ."
"BY-AND-BY"
"GOD IS MY FATHER I KNOW."

No. 9.

"SILVER SPRING SCHOTTISCHE."
"THE BIBLE SAYS WE MAY."
"HAIL THE GLORIOUS DAWNING."

No. 10.

"DON'T KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN."
"WE COME WITH SONG."
"JESUS' LITTLE LAMB."

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FINANCIAL.

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With the same entire confidence with which we commended Government bonds to Capitalists and People, we now, after the fullest investigation, recommend these Northern Pacific Railroad bonds to our friends and the general public.

GOLD PAYMENT.—Both principal and interest are payable in American gold coin, at the office of Jay Cooke & Co., New York city—the principal at the end of 30 years, and the interest (at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum) half yearly, first of January and July.

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While the Government does not directly guarantee the bonds of the Road, it thus amply provides for their full and prompt payment by an unreserved grant of land, the most valuable ever conferred upon a great national improvement.

THE MORTGAGE.—The trustees under the Mortgage, are Messrs. Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, and J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. They will directly and permanently represent the interests of the First Mortgage bond holders, and are required to see that the *proceeds of land sales* are used in *purchasing and cancelling the bonds of the Company* if they can be bought before maturity at not more than 10 per cent. premium; otherwise the Trustees are to invest the proceeds of land sales in United States Bonds or Real Estate Mortgages for the further security of Northern Pacific bondholders. Also, that they leave at all times in their control, as security, at least 500 acres of average land to every $1,000 of outstanding first mortgage bonds, besides the railroad itself and all its equipments and franchises.

PROFITABLENESS.—Of course nothing can be safer than the bonds of the United States, but as the Government is no longer a borrower, and as the Nation's present work is not that of preserving its existence, but that of DEVELOPING A CONTINENT, we remind those who desire to increase their income and obtain a more permanent investment, while still having a perfectly reliable security, that:

United States 5-20's at their average premium yield the present purchaser less than 5¾ per cent. gold interest. Should they be redeemed in five years and specie payments be resumed, they would really pay only 4¾ per cent., or if in three years, only 3¾ per cent. as the present premium would mean while be sunk.

Northern Pacific 7-30's selling at par in currency yield the investor 7 3-10 per cent. gold interest absolutely for thirty years, *free from United States tax.* $1,100 currency invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year in gold $80.80. Here is a difference *in annual income* of nearly *one-third*, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent. in principal, when both classes of bonds are redeemed.

THE ROAD NOW BUILDING.—Work was begun in July last on the eastern portion of the line, and the money provided by the sale to stockholders of some six millions of the Company's bonds, to build and equip the road from Lake Superior across Minnesota to the Red River of the North—235 miles. The grading on this division is now well advanced, the iron being rapidly laid; several thousand men are at work on the line, and about the first of August next this important section of the road will be in full operation. In the meantime orders have been sent to the Pacific coast for the commencement of the work on the western end in early Spring, and thereafter the work will be pushed both eastward and westward, with as much speed as may be consistent with solidity and a wise economy.

RECEIVABLE FOR LANDS.—The bonds will be at all times receivable at 10 per cent premium in payment for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash price.

BONDS EXCHANGABLE.—The registered bonds can be exchanged at any time for coupons, the coupons for registered, and both these can be exchanged for others, payable, principal and interest, at any of the principal financial centres of Europe, in the coin of the various European countries.

HOW TO GET THEM.—Your nearest bank or banker will supply these bonds in any desired amount, and of any needed denomination. Persons wishing to exchange stocks or other bonds for these, can do so with any of our agents, who will allow the highest current price for all remarkable securities.

Those living in localities remote from banks, may send money, or other bonds, directly to us by express, and we will send back Northern Pacific bonds at our own risk, and without cost to the investor. For further information, pamphlets, maps, etc., call on or address the undersigned, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell this loan.

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jan19w1w.

Farm and House.

THE BRAVE OLD PLOUGH.

A song to the plough, the brave old plough,
That hath ruled the wide world o'er,
For life and good fare on his strong steel share
Shall depend for evermore;
There is strength in his beam, as the toiling team
Turns the furrow so long and deep,
While it mellows the sod, we have trust in God
That His promise He will surely keep.
Then a health to the plough, the brave old plough,
Who hath fed all the nations gone;
And glory as now to the brave old plough
When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time when no pealing chime
Was heard the wild world through;
When the King's broad hall and the cottage small
Of a Christmas never knew,
And many a day along the highway
Have hundreds starving lain,
They are dead, they are gone, to earth's bosom borne,
But the plough it still doth reign.
Then God speed the plough, the brave old plough,
Who hath fed all the nations gone,
And glory as now to the brave old plough
When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time, in many a clime,
When the bread was hard to win,
When both great and small, at hunger's call,
Were led into deadly sin;
But thou ne'er can'st say thou hast seen the day,
When want bowed the strong man's head,
The righteous man's seed, in his greatest need,
Ever begged for his daily bread.
Then God speed the plough, the brave old plough,
Who hath fed all the nations gone;
And may glory as now encircle the plough,
When a thousand years have flown.

—*Songs for the Grange.*

For the Blade.

Profits of a Dairy.

Editor Blade:—I have kept the past season a dairy of nineteen cows, mostly native breed, and have sold from them

13 veal calves, for	$ 100 15
3,166 pounds butter	995 42
Hogs raised and sold, fed exclusively on sour milk	188 75
Raised 3 calves worth	45 00
Total	$1,329 32

besides all the milk and butter used in a family of seven persons. Cows were fed three quarts of meal and shorts per day in the spring, after calving until they were turned out to grass; since then they have had no grain of any kind.

Eli Phillips.

Royalton, O., Jan. 23, 1871.

From the Maryland Farmer.

Making, Repairing and Oiling Harness—Painting and Repairing Farming Implements.

A well timed and a very sensible article appeared in one of the back numbers of the *Maryland Farmer*, some months since, recommending farmers to make and repair their harness, a duty that could be accomplished during long winter evenings and stormy weather. The author's plan is to use rivets, instead of wax ends. A punch, riveting hammer, and three different size rivets would be all that is required. A farmer would thus save 50 per cent and produce about as perfect work, as if purchased of a sadlery at the usual charges.

OILING AND "SHINING UP" HARNESS

ought to have attention during the winter months, preparatory to being used the following season. With all deference to the authors of the two recipes in the last December number of the *Maryland Farmer*, headed "Preserve the Harness" and "Varnish for Harness;" permit me to say that the first recipe will do tolerably well; the second, in my estimation, is ridiculous. Author number two says: "Halt a pound India rubber, one gallon spirits of turpentine, and an equal quantity of linseed oil." Spirits of turpentine is a powerful dryer and astringent; if applied to leather the leather will be rendered, in my opinion, as hard and dry as a shingle. As I have considered those two recipes in part, it is right to suppose I will be called upon for a better. I have applied the following mixture to my harness and boots, since I arrived at man's estate. In the first place, soak the harness over night—then scrub off with a stiff hair-brush, warm water and soap. Apply warm, the following mixture: 6 oz. bees wax, 4 oz. rosin, 4oz. spirits of turpentine, 1 lb. tallow, ½ lb. mutton suet, 2 oz. burgundy pitch, and 4 oz. linseed oil. The mixture will be improved by adding 4 oz. indian rubber, and probably the glutinous substance issuing from boiled calves or pigs feet; when the wax, tallow, &c., are dissolved, add the turpentine and oil—what remains bottle up for applying to boots and shoes. If a polish be desired, make a thin paste of pulverized charcoal and spirits of turpentine. When the oiling preparation becomes dry, apply it, and follow with shoe blacking as usual.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING FARMING IMPLEMENTS, WHEEL CARRIAGES, ETC.

is equally important. It has been the practice of implement makers for twenty years past to varnish their wares—a fashion introduced from Massachusetts. Varnish applied to wood is pleasing to the eye, but substituted for paint it is a serious loss to the farmer, whose voice ought to be raised, decidedly against the practic. Varnish applied to a plow for example, exposed to alternate wet and hot sun, will disappear before half the cultivating season expires. All implements exposed to the elements, ought to have two coats of paint. Better to pay a trifle extra than to have it otherwise.

A good and durable paint is made thus: ½ gallon white lead, 1 pint lampblack, with sufficient linseed oil to form a mixture, to the consistency of cream. By adding more or less lampblack you will have a paint light, or dark lead color, as preferred; add a gill of spirits turpentine and a dessert spoon full of litharge, to act as dryers. I have said nothing concerning the importance of repairing and painting farm implements, tools, etc. The necessity of which will be apparent to every observing and industrious farmer.

Beautifying the Nooks and Corners.

A little book has recently appeared in England which has given us much pleasure. The book is called the "Wild Garden," and its author is Mr. W. Robinson. The object of the author is to show the English people what a large number of garden plants, usually supposed to require careful cultivation, will, if planted out and neglected, take care of themselves, and go on and flourish from year to year—in short, become perfectly naturalized. He proposes that plants of this hardy nature should be planted in such nooks and corners as almost every large place present, and thus form what he calls his "wild garden," where instead of weeds the space shall be filled with pleasing flowers, growing in a natural way. The idea is a happy one, and quite as practicable with us as in England. There is scarcely a farmer's wife who does not long for a garden, while but few of them are able to command the means and time to keep one in proper order. A neglected garden is a source of pain rather than pleasure, but if she could have a wild garden, where one of its merits was its freedom from care, it would allow many a one to enjoy flowers who might otherwise be deprived of this pleasure. Upon most every place there is a spot exactly adapted to a wild garden. If it is so rocky that it has been left untouched, all the better. Hardy bulbs, such as snowdrops, tulips, crocuses, hyacinths, daffodils, and others, do quite well year after year. Almost any of the known border plants that are to be found in old gardens are suited to the wild garden; The Columbines, Larkspurs, Moss Pink, Primrose, Peonies, Perennial Phoxes, and a host of others. Some of our more attractive native plants would of course find a place here, and the late-flowering Chrysanthemums also. We can readily see that a wild garden can be made to the real lover of flowers, a source of daily pleasure, from the time the first crocus pushes in early spring until frost has destroyed the last chrysanthemum.

Keeping Bees.

The time is not far distant when every farmer, and almost every suburban resident of our large towns and cities, will have their swarms of bees as much as they have now their hens.

There is at present a popular prejudice against the honey bee, either as a very uncertain possession, or one of doubtful comfort and easy management. But this prejudice is founded wholly on the ignorance and mismanagement of a former generation. We shared this feeling in full measure till induced by a friend, a few years ago, to accept a swarm of bees and try our hand at their management. But a short time was sufficient to disarm us of all prejudice against the honey bee, and we were not long in becomming decidedly attached to them. Our experience was sufficient to learn that the management is easy, and even more so than that of poultry; and by the introduction of movable-comb hives, the management is rendered still more easy, and their income and profit greatly increased.

We therefore advise every person living in the country, especially those of small means, to procure a hive of bees and get information on their best management from the many sources now open.

One swarm will soon increase to several, and in a few years to scores. Their pasturage costs nothing, and yet their productions command a high price, and the price of a swarm of bees will continually advance as a knowledge of their value increases.—*Bee Journal.*

How to Make Farm Life Attractive.

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. The farmers should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is healtuy, moral, and respectable; and, in the long run, may be made profitable. The farmer should keep good stock, and out of debt.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill-ventilated apartments, and expose themselves needlessly to cold.

4. By adorning the home. Books, papers, pictures, music, and reading should all be brought to bear upon the in-door family entertainments; and neatness and comfort, order, shrubbery, flowers and fruits should harmonize all without. There would be fewer desertions of old homesteads if pains were taken to make them agreeable. Ease, order, health, and beauty are compatible with farm life, and were ordained to go with it.

Household Steam Engines.—Some months ago, we referred to the fact that steam-engines of about one "Biddy" power had been made for domestic use in France, and that they gave good satisfaction wherever they had been tested. More recently we have met with the following description of one of these engines in an English paper:

"The apparatus consists of a small vertical boiler, heated by several Bunsen burners, the supply of gas to these burners being governed by a simple automatic arrangement dependent upon the pressure of the steam. Thus, as this pressure rises, the supply of gas is diminished, the adjustment being such that practically the steam is maintained constantly at any pressure to which the apparatus is set. The engine, which is of very simple construction, is carried by the boiler, and the latter is of such capacity as to contain sufficient water for a day's supply. In using the apparatus, all that is necessary is to charge the boiler in the morning and light the gas, and the engine will run the whole day without further attention."

Household Recipes.

Remedies for Poison by Ivy.—1. Olive oil is said to be a sure cure for the effects of the Poison Ivy or Poison Oak (*Rhus toxicodendron*). In severe cases it is to be taken internally as well as applied externally. Dose, two tablespoonfuls three times a day, keeping the affected parts oiled all the time. Anointing the exposed parts with the oil will prevent poisoning.

2. Take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand a half hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

Hair brushes are best cleaned by washing them in saleratus or soda water, which removes the oily coating. The alkali of course unites with the oil to form soap, which aids in the cleansing.

To Make Old Kid Gloves New.—Make a thick mucilage boiling a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved soap; then when the mixture cools, with a piece of white flannel wipe the gloves, previously fitting to the hand; use only enough of the cleaner to take off the dirt without wetting through the glove.

How to Save Your Shoe Soles.—Melt together tallow and common resin, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter, and apply the preparation, hot, to the soles of the boots or shoes—as much of it as the leather will absorb. One farmer declares that this little recipe alone has been worth more than the cost of five years' subscription to the newspapers publishing it.

Graham Flour Muffins.—One pint of sour milk; a small teaspoontull of soda; one teaspoonful of sugar. Graham flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake in rings, or drop a spoonful on a square tin. A little salt should be added to the batter before baking.

Water Cake.—One teaspoonful of sugar; two eggs; half cup of butter; one teacup of water; two cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream tarter; one of soda; beat the butter and eggs to a cream; then add the other ingredients; stir well, and bake quick; flavor with nutmeg or lemon.

To Keep Knives from Rusting.—An excellent way to keep knives from rusting is to scour them on a board, crosewise, with some dry brick, after having wiped them perfectly dry, and put them away without wiping off the brick dust.

Ribbons Renewed.—Wash in cool suds made of fine soap, and iron when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth, and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying, into gum arabic water.

How to Clean Oil Cloths.—If you wish to have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are wiped, drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a dry cloth.

Corn Starch Cake.—Two cups powdered sugar, one of butter; beat to a cream, half cup sweet milk, the whites of eight eggs well beaten, one cup of corn starch, two cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; season to taste.

Corn Breakfast Cake.—Mix well, by sifting, one pint Indian meal; two tablespoonful wheat flour, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar. Mix rapidly and thoroughly with one pint sweet milk, one beaten egg, and butter the size of an egg. Bake in a shallow pan twenty minutes.

Chicken Pie.—Singe the bipeds first; everybody ought to know that there's nothing like alcohol for singing poultry. A tablespoonful will singe fifty pounds. Set it on fire, and proceed to singe; not a spot of black will be produced. After being well cleaned, cut up into small pieces; wash thoroughly and let them cook for twenty minutes in water sufficient to cover them. Mix a tablespoonful of flour in cold water to a thin paste, and stir in the gravy; add a lump of butter, and season thoroughly with pepper and salt; let all cool. To make a paste, equal quantities in measure of lard find water, a little salt; mix; roll out thin; line the deep pie dish; after rolling out the top crust to half its size required, spread over it butter to the depth of one-quarter of an inch; roll up and roll out again, and repeat the operation two or three times; put in the chicken, and put on the top crust, and pinch the edges well together; cut a slit in the top crust.

Apple and Tapioca Pudding.—Put a teacupful of tapioca into a pint and a half of cold water over night. In the morning set it where it will become quite warm, but not cook. In the course of the forenoon peel a half a dozen sour apples and steam them until tender. Put them in the pudding dish, add a teacupful and a half of sugar, a little salt, and a teacupful of water to the soaked tapioca, and pour over the apples. Slice a lemon very thin and distribute the slices over the top of the pudding. Bake slowly three hours. At the end of that time it will be perfect jelly.

Bean Soup.—Pick over the beans in the morning. Soak them three hours in a large quantity of warm water on the back of the stove. Pour off the water and boil them in another until quite soft. Strain them through a colander and reduce to the right consistency with hot milk. About ten minutes before serving, break into the soup baker's crackers or toasted bread. An excellent dish for variety.

To Pickle Pork.—Take out all the ribs, and cut it in pieces of about three pounds each; pack it in a tight barrel and salt it well with meat and put a weight on the top; if you wish pork to keep, do not put salt petre in, as it injures the flavor.

To Cure one Beef Tongue.—Take two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of brown sugar, one of saltpetre. Rub the tongue with the mixture daily for one week. Then add two more spoonfuls of salt, and rub for another week. The tongue is then ready for smoking and drying.

Will France Remain a Republic?

[From an article (on "The Future of France,") in the Fortnightly Review, by Emile de Laveleye.]

Scarcely any one believes that it will, except the most enthusiastic among the Republicans. Yet this would evidently be the best thing she could do. To begin with, it is the regime *qui divise le moins*, as M. Thiers said in 1848. Next, now that there is a claimant the more, the Prince Imperial, the dangers which would menace any restoration would be greater than ever. The new sovereign would have against not only two or three evicted pretenders, but the whole body of republicans, who would never forgive him for having once more immolated the republic. He would thus have to contend with the most active and resolute men in the whole nation. He would be obliged to retain both universal suffrage and the freedom of the press. Now, would even a prince of the family of Orleans, full of merit as that family may be, be able for any length of time, to make a stand against these engines of demolition? He would speedily have against him the majority of the electors in the large towns, and would find himself in consequence, brought down to the position which ruined Napoleon III., that is to say, compelled to adopt rigorous measures of repression at home, or else to seek a diversion abroad. We should then again have a period of some score of years of intestine discord, followed by a new turning up of the ground; and this would have to be again and again recommenced. The difficulty of establishing monarchy in France depends on several causes. First, royalty no longer possesses prestige, and no longer inspires respect. Now, as Mr. Bagehot has well shown, this is one of the essential conditions of all hereditary powers. Secondly, royalty has had so little success, and has fallen so often, that it appears to offer no more guarantees for stability than a republican presidency; and under these circumstances it has this particular drawback, that instead of the crisis of a presidential election every four years, the nation has the far graver crisis of a revolution every fifteen or eighteen years. Thirdly, the sovereign, naturally, seeking to strengthen himself by the conservative elements, is obliged to give his hand to the clergy. As the most enlightened and the most energetic men in the country are hostile to clerical influence, they will not be slow to declare war against the sovereign. This is what destroyed Charles X. Fourthly, the young men are attracted to the republic because it recalls the glories of Rome, of Athens, and of the French Revolution, with which their imagination is inflamed. Fifthly, it is repeated on all sides that the irresistible progress of democracy must lead all over the world to the republic; and the sight of the prodigious prosperity of the American Union makes people suppose that Europe would enjoy the same felicity, if she adopted the same institutions. Finally, as they see the horrible war, occasioned by all the people, into which Napoleon's quarrel with the King of Prussia about the Spanish throne precipitated two great nations, a great many persons of decidedly conservative principles have come to detest monarchs and the monarchic system. In the face of the numerous and weighty difficulties attending the establishment of monarchy in France, people persuade themselves that the country would act wisely in keeping the regime into which the storm drove it, even though the men who are its representatives should not accomplish the heroic task which they undertook—the expulsion of the foreign enemy."

The Learning of the Lawyers.

The counsel for the prisoner said if the case was submitted to the Justice that he would offer no testimony for the defense. Ure's lawyer agreed to the proposition, and commenced his argument. When closing, he said the Latin poet had ramarked, "*sic semper tyrannus stale tomatus relocipedus*," or something like it.

The counsel for the defense declared that the counsel for the complainant did not know what the quotation meant.

The counsel for the complainant replied that he did, and, if the counsel for the defendant so desired, he would translate it.

The counsel for the defendant so desired, and his erudite opponent gave three translations, and said there were others, if those were not satisfactory.

The counsel for the defendant was confident he had seen the phrase in Webster's dictionary.

The counsel for the plaintiff thought he was mistaken; it was in the back part of the book, among the Latin phrases.

The argument was continued, and at its close the learned gentleman and eminent Latin scholar sat down.

The East River is again blockaded with ice at Fulton Ferry, and thousands are crossing the river on foot at that point. The ferry boats are unable to make their regular crossings, and several tug boats and steamers are stuck fast in the ice.

GIVE THE BOYS WORK

In a contribution to the *Independent*, a lady in noticing a meeting of ladies in Chicago to discuss the training of children, writes as follows in reference to the importance of training children to work, as well as of teaching them other good things:

In their discussions on the duties of mothers there was one omission, which is the moving cause of this epistle, and that was the importance of supplying children with suitable employment. Mrs. Patton spoke well of the danger of indulgence and the duty of prayer. Mrs. Gibbs argued the propriety of early initiation into the mysteries of physiology; but no one said a word in favor of work. Now, prayer is a very good thing, self-restraint is better, and a knowledge of the house we live in quite proper in due time; but the boy or girl who is brought up without regular employment, daily tasks in manual labor, will, in nine cases out of ten, bring the mother to shame or, at least, give her cause of sorrow.

It appears to be generally conceded that New England brings up a larger proportion of useful, industrious men that any other portion of this country; that communities there are in advance of those in other parts of the world is intelligence, morality, and religion; and, to my mind, it is very clear that this result is due to the domestic habits which find employment for children, much more than to the churches, colleges, and schools. No truism contains more truth than that which affirms that Satan finds mischief for idle hands. As a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., and one whose affections and interests center there, I may be allowed to say that no city of its size in the Union has so many bad boys. There were at one time eight of them in her jail on charges of murder or murderous assaults. Yet no city in the Union has superior religious and educational advantages. In Louisville, Ky., in the palmy days of slavery, when it was common for one man to shoot another on the street in daylight, and the authorities scarcely thought it worth while to ask why, there was less crime among the boys than there was in Pittsburgh; and the only explanation of the mystery is that the German element in Western Pennsylvania throws all the domestic drudgery upon women, and leaves the boys to get rid of their surplus vitality as best they can; while in any of the slave states it was such a crowning family disgrace for the women of it to do any kind of work that the middle classes required their boys to do the greater part of the housework. A New England boy milks the cow, makes the fires, cleans the stoop, the yard, the shoes, the knives, goes the errands, carries the packages, and not untrequently washes the clothes and dishes for the family; and takes pride in doing so, because he has been taught that labor is honorable, and that it would be disgraceful for him to permit his mother or sister to do such work. A Kentucky boy does likewise, because it is much less disgraceful for him to do it himself than have a mother or sister so demeaned. It is not until he becomes a man that labor degrades him. But in Western Pennsylvania it is no uncommon thing to see the mother of a family of boys carry a hod of coal up from a cellar, and replenish the fire by which her husband and sons sit, idly yawning, and quite at a loss to know what to do with their brawny muscle. A hundred times I have seen this done when the mother was weighed down with disease, or years, or both. Young men and boys there are not ashamed to see their mother's gray hair or sister's sunny curls hang over a wash-tub while they amuse themselves; or to know that she strains her strength to the utmost limit, day after day, while they rest. Fortunately there are many boys who work to win their own bread, and many who aid their mothers in supporting younger children; and this is esteemed highly honorable. From this worthy class comes a very large proportion of her successful business men, while the sons of her wealthy men and middle classes furnish an undue share of criminals.

One of these, the son of an honest, industrious mechanic and a mother who had prayed for him all his life—was sentenced to state-prison before he was sixteen, for three times ten—*i. e.*, thirty years—for arson. For years he had been the leader of a gang of boys, all younger than himself, who burned over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, and caused the loss of two valuable lives—one of a prominent, greatly-esteemed citizen, who perished rescuing others from the flames kindled by these young miscreants, who were not checked in their dreadful amusement by this tragedy, which sent a chill of horror through the community but kept on starting fires until caught in the act.

There was much sympathy for the pious mother of the dreadful boy; and people said approvingly, "She was a perfect slave to her family," and felt that the poor boy was doubly a criminal for the crime against his excellent mother.

On the contrary, my sympathies were all with the boys, every one of whom had a slave for a mother, and must, of course, have been deprived of all wholesome maternal influence.

Slave is not the relation a mother should bear to her children; and so long as she is a slave her prayers will have little influence in guiding them. The mother who expends all her vitality in menial labor, which she considers degrading to her soul, can never take the place of guide to her children or mistress of her family; and, in nine cases out of ten, will drive husband and sons to the street or dram shop by the bad temper born of nervous exhaustion. As the majority of families are unable to keep a servant to do the housework, it follows that this must be done by the mother and children; for, as the burden of furnishing the flour falls properly on the father, he cannot in justice be required to bake the bread; and when the mother assumes the duties that should be divided with every child, according to his or her capacity, she disturbs the beautiful harmony of God's creation, deprives her children of the discipline and exercise best fitted to prepare them for usefulness in this life and happiness in the next. She unfits herself for her highest duties toward them, and leaves them a ready prey to the tempter.

So far as physical development is concerned, there is no better exercise for a boy or girl than sweeping a room, brushing down cobwebs, dusting walls, pictures, blinds and furniture, and arranging it in its proper place. Girls are much more generally supplied with employment than boys; and this is not the least of the reasons why there are less crimes among men and women than among boys and men. If boys were all required and compelled to do something useful during the greater portion of the time spent out of school, we would soon have a new order of things—a generation of men and women far in advance of any the world has yet seen.

The fact that hundreds of Christian mothers could meet for the express purpose of discussing their duties to their children, spend two hours in singing, praying, and talking, and separate without one word on the importance of work shows how much it is overlooked, and the great need of calling the attention of parents to their neglected duty of furnishing their children, especially their boys, with something to do. Publishers and writers are supplying them liberally with something to read, but much more than even this do they need something to do. This need is governed by the general law which requires one to do, first, the duty which lies nearest; and the duty which lies nearest to a vast majority of American boys is that of assisting their mothers in their domestic labors, and thus developing all that is best in their own nature, keeping out of the tempter's way, greatly aiding their fathers in the support of their families, and promoting happiness at home by preserving their mothers' health and cheerfulness. The difficult problem of Biddyism would be successfully solved, without the aid of John Chinaman, if our boys did their duty right boyfully in helping their mothers. If any one doubts this statement, let him look up the history of the men and boys who disturb the peace, and of that much larger class who hang between respectable usefullness and legal criminality of loaterism, and he will find that the mothers of nineteen out of every twenty were domestic slaves, did the drudgery of the household, while they sought exercise for their superabundant vitality on the street and playground, in the dramshop and public gymnasium.

It is all well for mothers to pray with and for their children, to restrict them in the use of money, to teach them to govern their appetites and to know some, at least, of the mysteries of any science; but all other means of grace combined can never supersede that of regular work. The great demand of childhood is something to do.

The woman giving her name as Sarah Bennett, and claiming that her husband was on the ill-fated train, and who identified a hat, at Poughkeepsie, as that of her husband's and fainted, and who has collected a considerable amount of money from sympathetic persons, has been arrested as an imposter and will be lodged in the Poughkeepsie jail.

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MY CHILD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through my open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I tread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eye and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye,
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see,
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon the cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see him there!"

From the Independent.

"SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I THEE."

BY S. H. BROWNE.

I have no treasures such as most men value—
Silver and gold and gems,
With which the great adorn their princely raiment,
And kings their diadems.

I have no Tyrain robes, no costly crimines,
No trappings grand and gay;
I dwell within an humble, moss-grown cottage,
From splendors far away.

Yet I will give thee, O afflicted brother,
Such as I have received;
For thou art most unhappy, grief-worn, wretched,
Discouraged and bereaved.

My soul's best sympathy, sincerely preferred.
(No smooth, unmeaning talk,)
Shall hearten thee, my hand, both strong and willing,
Bid thee to "rise and walk."

And thus, God helping, thou shalt gain new courage,
New faith, new hope, new strength,
Till thou forgettest weakness, pain, and halting—
Erect and sound at last.

Eighty-six different missionary societies are sustained by Protestantism, supporting four thousand missionaries, at an annual outlay of $5,000,000.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark happiness always goes singing. *George D. Prentice.*

The poor in pocket may be blessed, or may not be blessed, as the case may be; but the poor in spirit are always blessed, and we have Christ's authority for so saying. Theirs is a poverty which is better than wealth; in fact, it is a poverty which indicates the possession of the truest of all riches.—*Spurgeon.*

A gentle happiness is favorable to virtue and to morality, as excessive excitement and warning and discontent are favorable to murmurings, and to rebellion, and to sin. And he who can please his neighbor in things good, is actually making his neighbor a better man by making him a happier man.—*Beecher.*

We cannot emphasize too strongly this grace which pinches selfishness. I care not how orthodox is a man's creed, or how eloquent may be his prayers in public, if he has never learned to say "no" to the demands of fashion, and pride, and luxury, he is but a sorry specimen of the Christ's-man.—[T. C. Cuyler.

In our Lord's own life, it is manifest that he did, day by day, a multitude of things for the mere sake of soothing trouble; of calming irritation; of smoothing asperities; of producing amiable feelings. While he instructed men, he inspired them with noble heroisms and ambitions, his life was also filled up with a thousand small shades of goodness, whose very nature it was to make men contented and happy. And his example is expressly quoted in the context, for our imitation.—[*Beecher.*

"Let them learn first," said Paul "to show piety at home." Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

The true Christian spirit is by no means a spirit of recklessness and anarchy; but neither is it so fastidious about methods as to be content to do nothing at all, for fear it may not work precisely according to the most exquisite ideals. It will rather seize a drowning man by the hair of his head than to let him drown because it hesitates to outrage the conventional proprieties.

It is said that the muscles with which we close the hand are much stronger than those with which we open it. Now it is the weaker muscles we use in giving money, and the stronger ones we use in holding on to our money. Every one can see the importance of a frequent use of these weaker muscles, to keep them supple; else they will become so stiff and rigid that no call of charity can relax them.

I observe that of all plants, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all birds, the mild and guileless dove. Christ is the rose of the field and the lilly of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading palm, but in a bush, a humble, slender, abject bush; as if he would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man.

The best way to show attachment to a leader is to obey his orders. If men really are for Jesus let them show it by going on with the fight. He rejoices in such evidence of our attachment, but in our sonorous and eloquent praises not at all. They must often be a weariness to him. His work is still going on, and it cannot be that he cares less for others and more for himself now than when he lived among men in Syria and met the temptations of human life.

The most popular doctrine to preach in these times, and the hardest one to practice, is the old-fashioned apostolic doctrine of self-denial. This is the grace that pinches. The daily battle of Christian principle is with that artful, subtle, greedy sinner, self. And the highest victory of our religion is to follow Jesus over the ragged path of self-denial. This is mainly to be done in the little every day acts of life. The great occasions that demand sublime sacrifices are few and rare. —*T. L. Cuyler.*

To Correspondents.

H. W. HOWELL, Decatur, Ill., and about fifty others have asked the following question, or something like it: "Is the O'Hara Pocket Giant Scheller, advertised to shell six bushels per hour, and sold by SNYDER & VAN SICKLEN, Cincinnati, Ohio, an article of genuine utility, or a catch-penny and humbug. By answering you will receive the thanks of many of your readers"—In answer to all these inquiries we will say that we have never seen the machine, and don't know anything about its merits. If the proprietors (to whom we will send this notice) will send us one for examination we will have it fairly tried and give our opinion of it so plainly that "he that runneth may read."

D. D. DOMAS, Assumption, Ill., asks: "When and by whom was New Orleans named?"—The first settlement was made there in 1718, under the direction of Bienville, then Governor of the French province of Louisiana, who had become convinced of the propriety of removing the chief seat of the colony to the more productive region lying on the Mississippi. He named the town, and in 1723 removed his headquarters there.

E. G. HALLOWELL, Taylorville, Ind., writes as follows:—"Will you do me and other readers of your valuable paper in this community, the valuable kindness to state in your columns of Answers to Correspondents the principal features of the laws of your State—the general laws—upon the sale of spirituous liquors as a beverage, and your opinion of their efficiency in promoting the object intended?"—In the BLADE of the 9th inst., we published a synopsis of the laws of Ohio on this subject, but for the benefit of a large number of new subscribers we reprint it here:

1. Every sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday or on election days is forbidden.
2. To buy for, furnish sell or give any intoxicating liquors to any person intoxicated or to a person in the habit of getting intoxicated, or to a minor, without the written order of the parent, guardian or family physician is forbidden.
3. The sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors, in any quantity, to be drank on or about the premises is forbidden. From this section is excepted native wine, beer, ale and cider; but this exception is not extended to the other cases.
4. The sale of intoxicating liquors within four miles of a camp meeting held in an open field or woodland. The penalties prescribed under these several heads vary from $5 to $100, and in some cases imprisonment from ten to thirty days.
5. Tippling houses may be declared nuisances and closed up.
6. Persons intoxicated may be fined $5.
7. Families deprived of support by the sale to the husband of intoxicating liquors, may have damages against the party making the sale, in a civil action.
8. Persons taking care of and providing for intoxicated persons may recover compensation against the party furnishing the liquor.
9. Persons keeping nine-pin alleys, or permitting them to be kept in connection with retailing spirituous liquors or the keeping of a public house, are liable to a fine of $500.

Recently a bill passed the Ohio Legislature, and is now a law, providing for the appointment of guardians for habitual drunkards.

The property in which any establishment for the sale of spirituous liquors is kept in violation of the law, is liable for all fines or damages assessed against the occupant, no matter whether he be the owner of the property or not. In answer to our correspondent's inquiry as the efficiency of these laws we will state that that depends altogether upon public sentiment. There are many towns in Ohio, in which no intoxicating liquor of any kind is allowed to be sold, and there are many others in which very little attention is paid to the laws. It will be seen that under such laws as these, the business is exceedingly risky, and any person with sufficient moral courage could make it very uncomfortable for any one engaged in the business. The great trouble is the lack of this moral courage. And right here is where we think our various temperance organizations fail. They lack the courage to enforce the laws we have. If they were to organize for, and vigorously prosecute, a legal raid against liquor sellers all over the State, they could make it so hot for them in a very few months, that they would be glad to get into some better business.

JACOB KUHN, Bellefonte, Pa.—We re-state our position on the wheel question: Take a wheel of any size and mark on its circumference the four points of the compass. Now, place these points respectively in their proper positions, that is North towards the North and so on. Then revolve the wheel upon its axis. Of course, when North comes around again, to the North the wheel will have made one complete revolution on its axis. Now, apply the circumference of this wheel to that of another of the same size which is stationary. Move it around the stationary wheel, and you will find your North mark on the movable wheel will have pointed *twice* to the North when it gets around to the starting point. Cog wheels are best for the experiment because they cannot slip.

LETHA.—Your receipt for gold and silver cake is accepted and will appear in next week's BLADE.

W. T., Ashland Co., Ohio, asks.—"Do fish, frogs and angle worms fall to the ground in time of heavy showers? If so, how is such a wonderful freak of nature performed? There are a great many people in this place think it is so, and a great many think it is not so." Many instances are recorded of solid bodies, common to the earth, being brought down by rain, such as fish, frogs, vegetable and even mineral substances. All these, it is now well understood, are first raised up by whirlwinds or water spouts, and being carried by the rush of the winds to such distances as these are capable of supporting them, they then fall to the earth by their own gravity. They are sometimes carried long distances in the air, and do not always fall during a rain.

A SOLDIER, at Selma, McLean Co. Ill., is afflicted with cancer of the nose, and would like information of some cure for the same. Any information on the subject sent to TAYLOR SCURLOCK, Selma, McLean Co, Ill., will be thankfully received.

J. F.—You will have to improve a good deal in spelling before you can succeed as a translator.

L. G. H., Gloucester, Mass., asks:—"Are there any papers published in any city west or south of New York city devoted to the interests of watchmakers, jewelers, engravers and silver-smiths?"—No.

ISAAC CARPENTER, Danville, Pa.—The soldiers' new homestead bill, has passed the House. It is not likely to be materialy changed in the Senate.—This correspondent also asks:—"Can a soldier or his heirs lawfully sell or dispose of a grant of land under the late act of Congress?"—Not until after he gets a patent for it from the government. Then he can do what he pleases with it.

"CITIZENS OF ALLENPORT," ask:—"Supposing an English subject deserts the British army comes to the United States, becomes naturalized, and returns to England, can he be punished for the crime, or can he claim protection from the United States?"—Naturalization will not release him from liability to punishment for an offense committed before he was naturalized.

W. D. MCCLAIN, Centre Point, Ind.—Under the new soldiers' homestead bill, the entire time you served in the army will be deducted from the five years. If you served four years and three months you would have to occupy the homestead but nine months to secure your final patent.

EAGER TO KNOW, Nelsonville, O.—Send your inquiry to the Ohio Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and it will be answered.

D. R., Vernon, Iowa.—It is not at all probable that any portion of the Indian Territory will ever be annexed to Kansas. The advertisement you send will cost six dollars per week in the BLADE, and you will reach more readers for that amount than you can in any other paper in the world.

A READER, Grigesville, Ill.—We don't know anything about the reliability of the man you inquire about, but we do know T. W. TALMADGE, Columbus, Ohio, to be perfectly reliable, and to have facilities for the collection of soldiers' claims which are possessed by very few claim agents. Any business entrusted to him we guarantee will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

L., Lincoln, Ill.—Your solution of the plank problem is very ingenious, and if it were not that we are very much crowded in this department, we would publish it. We hope the BLADE may always deserve the good opinion you have expressed of it.

J. D. RITTENHOUSE, Ai., Fulton County, Ohio, asks, "When the first issue of coin was made by the United States?"—In January, 1792, a plan for an American coinage was submitted to Congress by ROBERT MORRIS, the head of the Finance Department, the authorship or which he, however, claimed for GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. In February following, Congress approved the establishment of a mint, but no further action was taken until 1785, when Congress adopted the plan of a national coinage presented by THOMAS JEFFERSON, and in 1786, decided upon the names and character of the coins, as follows: an eagle to contain 246 263-1000 grains of fine gold, value $10, and half eagle in proportion, both to be stamped with the American eagle; a dollar to contain 375 64-100 grains of fine silver, a half dollar, double dime and dime in proportion. The copper coins were a cent and half cent. In Oct., 1786, Congress framed an ordinance for the establishment of a mint; but nothing further was done until 1787, when the Board of Treasury, by authority of Congress, contracted with MR. JAMES JARVIS for 300 tons of copper coin of the Federal standard. These cents were coined at the New Haven mint, and were the first coins ever issued by the United States Government. On April 2, 1792, a code of laws was enacted for the establishment and regulation of the mint, under which, with slight amendments, the coinage was executed for forty-two years. The denominations of coin and their rates were as follows: Gold, the eagle of $10 to weigh 270 grains; the half eagle and quarter eagle in proportion; all of the fineness of twenty two carats. Silver, the dollar of 100 cents to weigh 416 grains; the half dollar, quarter dollar, dime of ten cents and half dime in proportion; the fineness to be 1.485 parts fine in 1.664, or 892.4 thousandths. Copper, the cent of 264 grains, the half cent in proportion. The same act declared the dollar to be the writ of Federal money, and directed that all public accounts should be kept in conformity to the decimal system of coins above described. Several slight changes have since been made in these standards of value. Prior to the establishment of the United States mint, the States coined money.

PENSION SOLDIER, Oak Ridge, O.—It will cost you from eighty to ninety dollars to take your family to Lone Tree, Nebraska.

R. P.—You can not expect pay for your contributions to any paper until you shall have made something of a reputation as a writer.

INQUIRER, Shortsville, N. Y., writes:—"Will you please to inform me through your Column of Answers to Correspondents, whether the Governmens makes any distinction between lands lying adjacent to Railroads and lands lying away from the Railroads? The point is this: A person going West and entering upon a homestead is entitled to 80 acres on the line of any land-grant Railroad. Is he entitled to 160 acres if he takes land not lying adjacent to the Railroads? Would it be convenient to publish a description of the Strasburg Cathedral? I think it would prove interesting to many of your readers?"—A homesteader is entitled to 160 acres of $1.25 land *anywhere*, or 80 acres of $2.25 land anywhere. The Strasburg Cathedral is considered one of the finest gothic buildings in Europe, and its spire is the highest in the world, being 466 feet. It was originally founded in the year 504, but the edifice was almost completely destroyed by lightning in 1007. The present building was begun in 1015, and completed in 1439. The west front is richly ornamented with sculptures, statues and bass-reliefs, rises to the height of 230 feet, and has a circular window 48 feet in diameter. The principal dimensions are: extreme length, 357 feet; height of ceiling, 79 feet; length of transepts, 140 feet, and breadth of the nave 35 feet. The entire structure is finished in a style of ornamentation that would be expected of an edifice more than four centuries in course of erection.

OLD SOLDIER, St. George, Kansas.—In the government of your literary society, you should go according to your constitution, and in all matters not provided for in that, according to established parliamentary usage. A motion to adjourn is always in order, and is not debateable. Any member of a body can call a speaker to order. The severe frost about which you inquire occurred on Saturday night, Aug. 29, 1863.

S. S. HUGHES, Wadesburg, Mo.—Your name is on our list all right. You can get the London Art Journal by addressing G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York City.

R. T. K., Metropolis, Ill.—We can't tell you whether the market quotations in the paper you name are reliable or not. We are careful to have those in the BLADE always correct, and have no time to spare to edit other papers.

JOSEPH GARRISON, Walnut Creek, Kansas.—Yes, we will send the *Farm Journal* on the terms you name.

SUBSCRIBER, Ridgeville, O.—We have never seen the book you inquire about.

C. C. CURRIER, El Dorado, Kansas, asks the following questions: "Has Congress passed any law whereby a soldier of the late war is entitled to a land warrant." There is no such law, and it is not at all probable there ever will be. The experience with land warrants has not been satisfactory. Soldiers are apt to part with them for a small consideration, and they fall into the hands of speculators who reap the benefits. The soldiers' homestead law will be much better.

"2nd. Has Congress passed any law giving soldiers any better homestead privileges than any other citizen, except on Railroad land?"—In answer to this question we refer our correspondent to the bill just referred to, which will no doubt become a law before the 4th of March.

SEEKER, Newcomerstown.—If you will write to either the Cleveland *Herald* or the *Leader*, we presume you can get a copy of the report of Dr. GALENTINE'S trial as published in those papers.

MAX VACHE, Loose Creek, Mo.—We do not know anything about the man, or the value of the receipt he has for sale. We published the substance of the excommunication you refer to some time ago.

J. T. MCLAIN, Cardington, O., sends us a circular which he has received from a rascal in New York calling himself JOHN SWALLOW, proposing to send the recipient counterfeit money. It is the same old swindle that we have repeatedly exposed.

B. BOYD, Nevada.—You are not a trespasser on government land, but to make matters sure you should secure your homestead at the United States Land Office in your district as soon as possible.

LIZZIE, St. Louis, Kansas.—Yes, you write well enough to teach school. Any bookseller ought to be able to furnish you the books you want, but if that is not convenient, address LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.

J. M. S. writes as follows: "Will you please state in your answers to correspondents, what you think about the reading of such books as are written by CHARLES DICKENS and CHARLES READE? Please state whether you think there is anything to be gained, or are they *really* hurtful to the mind."

Our correspondent brings up the whole question of reading fiction, and without entering into it at any length we will say that we do *not* consider the reading of CHARLES DICKENS' works hurtful to any body. We will go further and say that we do not think anybody can read them without benefit. In saying this, we do not advise the reckless indiscriminate reading of novels to which so many are addicted. It is not only a sinful waste of time, but a positive injury to the mind, which suffers in much the same way as would the body of a person who should attempt to live on dessert to the exclusion of the substantials of ordinary diet. If we had the time we would like to read a volume of DICKENS every month or two, and would consider ourself the better mentally and morally for having done so. But you class CHARLES DICKENS and CHARLES READE together. We should not do so by any means. You can very easily read too much of the latter.

R. W. ALEXANDER, Hudson City, Mo., writes as follows:—"I am a close and regular reader of the BLADE and a sense of gratitude impels me to say that to its careful perusal I am indebted for a large proportion of the moderate amount of useful information which I possess. I make it a point to give particular attention to those columns devoted to answers to correspondents, from which I assure you, I derive no small degree of pleasure and profit. In my humble opinion, the BLADE is emphatically the *ne plus ultra* of family newspapers, and I can safely add that this opinion prevails wherever the paper is known. Will you be kind enough to answer the following question? Why is the Court of England called the 'Court of St. James'?"—We answered this question in last week's BLADE.

JOHN ROVER, Kidder, Missouri, wants information of JOHN LOCK, or any of his family, who formerly lived in the State of Oregon. If any of our readers can give him the desired information, they will please address as above.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Johns, Ohio, writes: "We had here to-day quite a discussion in regard to the grade and rank of WM. T. SHERMAN and PHIL. H. SHERIDAN. We agreed to leave it to the BLADE, hoping that you will accommodate us with your answer as soon as convenient." On the 4th day of March, 1869, SHERMAN was made General, which is the highest grade in the army of the United States, and on the same day SHERIDAN was made Lieutenant General, which is the next highest. GRANT was General prior to entering upon the duties of President.

"EX.," Chillicothe, Iowa, asks: "Under the head of nuisance, couldn't Congress, Constitutionally, make a law to prohibit the manufacture, sale and use of ardent spirits in the United States?" We don't know of anything in the Constitution to prevent Congress from making such a law, but there is a good deal in the "constitution" of public sentiment which would render it simply a dead letter.

AN INTERESTED READER, Woodson County, Kansas, asks:—"Will you be kind enough to inform me through the columns of your valuable paper, whether soldiers who served the term of three years in the United States service during the war, would be permitted to take a homestead on the strip of land last treated for of the Osage Indians, known I believe, as the 30-mile strip, now in the market at $1 25 per acre."—Yes, a soldier can locate his homestead on that or any other land belonging to the United States government.

E. L. GIBBS, Orwell, Ohio.—We can answer your questions, but we prefer to have you send *your* answers to see if they are correct. Send them along.

ELLIS C. HOLMES, South Abington, Massachusetts, sends the following query, and says:—'Although it may appear very simple and plain to you, as it does to me, yet there are quite a number of persons considered smart who differ in opinion on the question, hence the conclusion to refer it to you."—The question is this:—"A sportsman seeing a squirrel ascend a tree, took a position five rods from the tree in order to shoot him; but the squirrel eluded his sight by continually sliding around the trunk of the tree as the sportsman advanced, until they both had completed the circle around the tree—the squirrel all the while keeping ahead and out of sight of the sportsman. Now, the question is, when they had both completed the circle, had the man been around the squirrel or not?"—We answer that he had.

H. M. R., Cedar Bluff, Iowa, writes as follows:—"Seeing your answers to numerous correspondents I wish to ask one question: First, I am poor, and have no relatives able to help me. I was in the army three years and served under Grant, Sherman, Banks, Canby and Smith, I used my money in educating myself, and have been alternately teaching and going to school, until last winter, when I married a girl as poor as myself. We now want a home. I can raise perhaps $100 in the spring for teaching this winter. I farmed last summer, but crops failed and I made nothing. Now can I live on a homestead, or had I better wait till I can raise more money? And would it be better for me to join a colony or start out for myself. If you will answer these questions in the BLADE, I will be much obliged as well as others in my neighboorhood."—It would take at least half your ready money, and perhaps more, to get you and your wife on to your home-stead and pay the Land Office fees. Then you would have no team nor farming implements with which to improve your land, and about all you *could* do would be to secure work for yourself and wife for such wages as you might be able to get—in the mean time making such little improvements on your own land as would be necessary in order that you could hold it. If you were sure of getting employment, and sure of good health, this plan would work, for you would only need to occupy the homestead two years before getting your final patent, and during that time the increase in the value of the homestead would be yours—and this would no doubt be considerable. But if you can't get work somewhere reasonably near your homestead, you would have hard work to make your fifty dollars carry you through, and we would not advise you to try the experiment. If you can get in with a good colony, and before starting secure employment for yourself and wife, that would be your best plan, provided the colony intends to locate near where you can secure a homestead. In this way you can have a certainty of constant employment, and could easily secure the necessary assistance to make the required improvements on your homestead. We write this on the supposition that yourself and wife both have a goodly share of pluck and industry. If you will send us your name and Post Office address we will be able in a short time to send you information that may be of value to you.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

The Best Reading Matter at the Lowest Prices.

OUR REVISED CLUBBING LIST FOR 1871.

We ask the attention of our readers who want to take other papers and magazines in connection with the BLADE, to the following list by which they can secure the leading publications of the country at greatly reduced rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive one subscriber for the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from this list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new ones, subscribers may avail themselves of the offer:

MONTHLIES.

The Atlantic Monthly, price $4.00 a year, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.
Scribner's Monthly, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.25.
Harper's Monthly, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
Lippincott's Monthly, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.
The Galaxy, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.
Our Young Folks, price $2.00 and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
Godey's Lady's Book, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.00.
Arthur's Home Magazine, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
The Little Corporal, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.
The Nursery, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.
American Agriculturist, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.75.
American Farm Journal, price 75 cents, and the BLADE both one year for $2.25.
Whitney's Musical Guest, price $1.00 and the BLADE both one year for $2.00.

WEEKLIES.

Harper's Weekly, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75
Harper's Bazar, price $4.00 and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
Appleton's Journal, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
Prairie Farmer, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
Western Rural, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
The Chicago Advance, price $2.50, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
Every Saturday, price $5.00, and the BLADE both one year for $5.75.
Hearth and Home, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.00.
Rural New Yorker, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.75.
Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls, price $2.50, and the BLADE both one year for $3.25.
Waverly Magazine, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
New York Sun, price $1.00, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

WORKING TOOLS.

We furnish our Agents and all others who wish to get subscribers for the BLADE, with all the "working tools," such as posters specimen copies, &c., they can use to advantage. Send in your orders and they will be forwarded by return mail.

LOOK AFTER THE RENEWALS

Our agents everywhere are requested to look after the renewals of their clubs. Get the names here in time to prevent the paper from stopping and the regular flies of subscribers from being broken.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We again call attention to the fact that the papers and magazines on our clubbing list are *not* sent from the BLADE office, but from the offices of publication. Therefore it takes a little time for the first numbers to reach the subscribers, and they should not be impatient if they do not receive them immediately. If, at any time during the term of their subscription, they should fail to receive a number, they should write to the publishers, and not to us.

CLUB RATES.

Additions may be made to clubs at any time at club rates, and the papers for a club will be sent to as many different Post Offices as desired. Agents will please remember this in making up their lists.

HOW TO REMIT.

Money sent to us by Express pre-paid, by draft on New York, Philadelphia or Boston, by Post Office order, or in Registered Letter, will be at our risk—otherwise at the risk of the sender.

The greatest lumber region in the world will be Puget Sound. Before the Northern Pacific Railroad is completed it is estimated that the product of the saw mills will exceed a million feet per day.

☞ If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples and Blotches, purify your blood by the use of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose, nor as a remedy for severe Coughs or Bronchitis.—Sold by druggists. To avoid Counterfeits see that it has, upon the outside wrapper, Dr Pierce's private Stamp, issued by the U. S. Government expressly for stamping his medicines, and which bears his portrait, name and address upon it.

....Any active person, male or female desiring an agency to canvass, would do well to enclose stamp for return postage, and send for terms to Agents. Address Marietta News Co., Marietta, O. feb16w2t 132.

☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27w1y

....THE BEST TONIC—Casewell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Callisaya. oct27w1y

DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU—Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats and colds. What shall we do? Take "Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu, or Honey Syrup," and apply "Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" to the throat and chest, warm. These are excellent family medicines. Full directions are on the bottles. You can get both medicines at any drug store for sixty cents.

THE SOLACE OF AGE.—Plantation Bitters is an agreeable compound of St. Croix rum—the most nutrimental of all distilled liquors—and a variety of tonic, alterative and anti-bilious vegetable productions, among which is that most invaluable of invigorators, Calisay barka. The spirituous basis is manufactured by the agents of the proprietors, from sugar-cane, on their own leasehold plantations in the West Indies; and the Calisaya bark is gathered and prepared for exportation from South America by the employes of the firm. Both, therefore, can be guaranteed to be unadulterated, and of the finest quality.

For these reasons, Plantation Bitters is recommended as an unequaled invigorating cordial for aged persons. But it has a stronger recommendation than that of the proprietor, viz: the testimony of thousands in the decline of life, who have tested its revivifying properties. The record covers a period of more than ten years, and includes both sexes and all ages, from fifty to four-score years and upwards.

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Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, or Dr. W. H. Parker, who is the Business Agent and Medical Assistant of the author.

N. B.—The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. dec15d&mos 65

The Markets.

TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE
TUESDAY MORNING, Feb. 21, 1871.

Flour—There has been no movement in the Flour market since our last that is worthy the name. A moderate business has been transacted from mills to meet local requirements, but farther than this trading has been at a stand-still. Prices are nominally lower; we quote various brands as follows: Fine $4.25@4.75; Superfine $4.50@4.60; extra $5; XX and fancy $6.25@7.50. Rye Flour nominally $5.25@5.50.

Wheat—The market for this grain has ruled quiet for a week past with considerable fluctuation in prices. Early in the week there was a good speculative demand and a fair business was transacted for March. Prices of spot Amber have fluctuated between 133c and 136½c, with the bulk of the transactions at 136@136½c; the inside figures are the lowest point touched. The same remarks relative to prices are equally applicable to Nos. 1 and 2 Red. No. 1 White Michigan advanced a shade during the week and sold at 156c, and is now held at 155c. There has been very little demand for any grade but Amber during the past three or four days. We quote closing prices as follows: Amber, 135c; No. 1 White Michigan held at 155c; No. 1 Red 138c; No. 2 Red 134@135c; Rejected Red 130c. White Wabash Wheat is inactive and quotations nominal.

Corn—During the past week, until Friday, the market for this grain ruled slightly dull; on that day named considerable activity and a fair business was transacted. On Saturday the market was moderately active with a liberal speculative demand at previous quotations. Yesterday an advance was established and considerable grain changed hands, all for immediate delivery; there was no demand for future delivery. The closing prices were: High-mixed, 57½c; Low-mixed, 56½c; No Grade, 55c; Yellow, 60½c. These quotations are ½@¾c lower than those of one week ago.

Oats—Early last week the market for Oats exhibited considerable strength, and prices advanced 1@2c. During two days a large quantity changed hands after which the market became quiet, and prices were not maintained. Near the close of the week prices were almost nominal but yesterday there was a fair inquiry at a trifle decline with considerable trading. Quotations at the close were: No. 1, 39½@40c; the outside for Ohio; No. 2, 39½c; Rejected 38c; Michigan, 50½c.

Rye—Nominal; we have not heard of a sale since our last issue. There has been a steady inquiry for all grades.

Clover Seed—This Seed shows a decline on the week of 10c. The market has ruled moderately active until within a day or two past, and is now dull and heavy at $6 25, and very little demand at these figures.

Timothy Seed—Early in the week there were small sales at $6, but with a moderate supply and limited demand that price could not be maintained and $5 95 was accepted. We quote $5 75@5 90.

Dressed Hogs—The market is dull, indicating that the season approaches its close. Prices have declined during the week from 20c to 30c, and the market is heavy at the range of $8 50@$8 65.

Mess Pork—The market for all kinds of Hog products is quiet but firm. City packed Mess Pork is quoted at $22 50@23; light mess at $21 50@$22 00; butts and rumps at $20@20 50.

Lard—There have been limited sales during the week at 12½c for steam-rendered and 13c for kettle. Country Lard is rather slow of sale at 11½@12c.

Butter—As a whole the market has ruled very dull for a week past, and but few sales have been made of round lots. Prices are about 2c lower; Fresh Roll 20@23c; Fresh keg 18@19c; common 12½@15c.

Eggs—There is no market except for strictly fresh, and such are in fair demand at 20c.

Potatoes—The market is quiet at a slight advance; we quote favorite varieties at $1@1 05 per bushel by the car load.

Fruit—Market quiet and steady; dried Apples 6½@7c, dried Peaches, peeled, 18@20c; Green Apples $1@1.50 per bu; Cranberries $4 per bu.

Beans—This vegetable has been in active request and large quantities have changed hands at the range of $1.50 to $2, the outside for prime Navy.

Salted Lake Fish—Market steady as quoted: No. 1 white fish $8 per bbl; No. 1 Pickled $7 per bbl; No. 2 do, $5; Skinned Catfish $8 per bbl.

Poultry—In good supply and market quiet. We quote: Turkeys, dressed, 15@16c; Chickens, dressed, 12½@13c.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1871

Cotton active and ⅛c higher; middling uplands 15¾c. Flour—receipts 8,000 bbls; market dull and unsettled; superfine western and state at $5 90@6 15; common to good extra, $6 50@6 75; good to choice $6 70@7 10; white western extra $7 10@7 50; Ohio, $6 70@7 35; St. Louis, $6 75@8 75. Rye Flour and corn meal quiet. Whiskey 92@92½c. Wheat dull and nominal; new spring 151@154c; red and amber, 158@161c. Rye quiet and unchanged. Barley firm; Canada West 103@110. Malt—Canada West, 120c. Corn opened firm but closed dull; receipts, 20,000 bushels; No 2 mixed, 83c@84c; yellow 85@85½c. Oats quiet; receipts 6,000 bu west in and Ohio at 66@69c. Hay 120c per cwt for shipping; 124@145c per cwt at retail. Hops unchanged. Coffee firm; Rio 15½@16¼c. Sugar dull and drooping; Cuba 9¼c. Molasses—New Orleans 53@70c. Rice 7¾@8¾c. Petroleum—Crude 14½c; refined 24½c. Total stock of grain in warehouse—Wheat 1,879,000 bu; corn, 285,000 bu; oats 1,084,000 bu; rye 103,000 bu; barley 247,000 bu; malt 217,000 bu; peas 6,000 bu. Provisions—Mess pork heavy at $22 37½@22 50 for old; $21 50@22 for prime $19 50 for prime mess; new $22@22 75 seller March to May $22 40@22 55. Beef steady; plain mess 10@15c; extra 15@17½c; beef hams 30@32c. Tierce beef, prime mess 26@28c; India mess 29@32c. Cut meats quiet; hams 14@15½c; shoulders 9@10c. Middles dull and unchanged. Lard dull; prime steam 12½@13¾c; kettle dried 13¾c; March to May, 13¾@13¾c. Butter firm at 17@25c for western and 22@24c for State. Cheese firm at 12@16¼c.

LATEST.

Flour dull and drooping; 16 50@6 80 for shipping grades. Corn, No 2 mixed 83@83½c. Tierce Beef—prime mess $27@$28. Eggs steady; fresh, 28@30c limed, 16@19c.

Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20

6s of '81	114¼	20s of '67	110¼
20s of '62 reg	111¾	20s of '68	110¾
20s of '64	111¾	10-40s	110¾
20s of '65	111¾	10-40s, currency	112¾
20s of '65 new	110¾	Gold	111¾

Cincinnati Market.

February 20, 1871

Flour dull and drooping; family $6 15@6 40. Wheat steady; red, 137@138c. Corn steady at 57@58c. Oats in good demand. No 2, 52@53c. Coffee steady; prime 18@18½c. Sugar firm at 11@11¼c for prime; refined dull and a shade lower. Molasses dull and drooping; prime to choice, 65@70c. Linseed oil steady at 93c. Lard oil steady at 110c. Egg